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ART. I. — DR. THOMPSON'S PLEA FOR ETERNAL
PUNISHMENT.

*Love and Penalty ; or, Eternal Punishment consistent with the
Fatherhood of God.* By JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, D. D., Pastor
of the Broadway Tabernacle Church. New York : Sheldon
and Company.

WE have given the title of a small volume which we find prefaced with the following Dedication: "To the memory of Nathaniel W. Taylor, D. D., who first taught me to 'justify the ways of God to men,' this volume is inscribed with grateful and reverent affection."

Dr. Taylor was the teacher of dogmatic theology in the Yale Divinity School. There he delivered lectures on Mental and Moral Philosophy, on the Nature of Moral Government and the Moral Government of God, and on various doctrines of "Revealed Theology." In his solution of the questions which precede the interpretation of revelation, especially in his view of moral government, he believed that he had discovered the foundations in sound reason of Trinitarian Orthodoxy. That man is doomed, without a vicarious atonement, to suffer the positive infliction of judicial punishment to all eternity, as the treatise to be examined states at page 269, is the conclusion of the Taylor theory of Moral Government. That this doom can be escaped only by faith in a Redeemer who is God and man in one, is the crowning conclusion of the Taylor theology. We have not forgotten the intense satisfaction with which Dr. Taylor, in a lecture, related how he read to a company of New

Haven scholars and divines the paper in which he showed that, in all human probability, not one soul could have been saved had not God existed in three persons, or at least two. In fact, (he claimed,) and, so far as we can see, in the nature of things, the second person of the Deity — very God in the personal Redeemer, Christ — is the only agent of an adequate atonement. The atoner must be man to suffer; sinless, to suffer as a substitute; and very God, to give infinite emphasis and dignity to his suffering. And there is no known ground for supposing that God will permit the salvation of any man who does not plead the atoning death of one who was God not less than man. To plead this, and this only, is the essence of saving faith. In perfect keeping with this view Dr. Taylor said, "I have no evidence that Unitarians are Christians." He felt confident that the root of Unitarian denial and the proof of Unitarian infidelity were to be found in their want of a true view of the condition of the sinner under the Divine administration of law. It was not so much the actual character as it was the condition of every character under mere law which the Unitarian, he held, ignores. Every man has sinned. The *least* sin brings the sinner under the doom of unmingled and endless misery, to be positively inflicted as the legal penalty for sin. The denial or neglect of this is the germ of the Unitarian failure to receive the Gospel lesson.

The book which we propose to examine proceeds from a pupil of Dr. Taylor, and a popular representative of vigilant Orthodoxy. The author has undertaken what he calls "a thorough, and at the same time popular, discussion of the doctrine of Eternal Punishment, at once to invigorate the faith of Christians and to counteract the influence of the modern schools of Rationalistic Infidelity." He has accomplished an exceedingly superficial work, acceptable, no doubt, to theological prejudice, and alike fitted to cherish the traditions of dogmatism and to furnish to Infidelity broad occasion against the Christian religion.

In the first paragraph we find the following criticism of a statement of Theodore Parker. "From my seventh year," says Mr. Parker, "I have had no *fear* of God, only an ever-greatening love and trust." Whereupon Dr. Thompson re-

marks, "Jesus Christ said, '*Fear* Him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.' And did not Christ know God, and love and trust Him as the Infinite Father?" In 1 John iv. 16-18, we read, "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment; because as he is, so are we in this world. There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love." Our author, resting on a single word capable of very different meanings in different passages, and bravely appealing to a violent prejudice against Mr. Parker, ignominiously blunders in the outset. His argument is as good against the quotation from John as against that from the great heretic. Both confess that the Love which God is, that Word which Christians have believed dwelt in the man whom God "sanctified and sent," came to them and cast out all fear.

In Dr. Goodrich's edition of Webster's Dictionary (1857) we find four synonymes of the verb *fear*,—"to apprehend; to dread; to reverence; to venerate." We commend the valiant author of this new defence of orthodoxy to a more careful perusal of his dictionary. He will perhaps learn that one may say I am not afraid of God, and yet not deny that sort of fear of God which consists in loving reverence. In his haste to announce himself the champion in the name of Christ of the Orthodox creed against Mr. Parker, Dr. Thompson also forgets that it may be said, "Have that love and trust which cast out all dread of God; and yet, if you are to dread at all, rather dread the All-Powerful than any man." The Christian religion says to men who are yet under the law and under the bondage of fear, "Fear God rather than man," and yet says to all, "Come out of the bondage of fear into the liberty of love."

We see in this first sentence evidence of an exceedingly superficial attention to the meaning of words, the processes of logic, and the nature of religious experience. We confess to a feeling of sadness in meeting, at the threshold of a confident defence of the popular Orthodoxy, this attempt to find a sure proof of infidelity in an experience which, if real, would

rather attest a believing and devout mind. The comparison which Dr. Thompson challenges at the outset between his own doctrine and that of Mr. Parker could not more forcibly convince us that the champion of Orthodoxy knows less of the method and content of truth than the famed heresiarch. Mr. Parker asserts that from his seventh year he has not been afraid of God. Dr. Thompson opposes him in this respect to Christ, implying that Christ was afraid of God. If he does not mean to imply this, then his argument fails, for then he would admit that Mr. Parker had the unfearing love and trust of Christ himself. It was a shiftless method, alike unworthy of the man, the scholar, and the preacher, so to enter upon this discussion. Dr. Thompson owes it, we will not say to the Christian public and the great discussion which he so confidently essays, but to his own character for intelligence and honesty, to acknowledge the mistake which presents him to us appealing in the outset to a traditional prejudice, and that in violation of facts and in disregard of the conclusions of sound argument, instead of entering, as an advocate of character and capacity, on the careful consideration of principles and the unprejudiced investigation of the facts of the "voice of God in the soul of man."

Rev. O. B. Frothingham is next contrasted with Jesus Christ, in his teachings, and he is said to "fail especially to apprehend the consistency of love with retributive justice." We notice this here as an early indication of our author's ignorance of the real question at issue. Reason and humanity deny that punishment which destroys the powers and character of the soul; they assert a punishment which breaks sin and brings the soul to God to be clothed in the beauty of holiness and made happy forever. Dr. Thompson assumes that somebody denies retributive justice altogether, because his idea of retributive justice, damnation to unmingled and endless misery, is denied. He would do well to read on this subject, and also to think a little, a preparation which he has apparently neglected.

Gerritt Smith is next set over against Jesus Christ, and it is asserted that, if the orthodox idea of eternal punishment is not consistent with the goodness of God, then "Jesus Christ was the most malignant and cruel of men, and the God whom he

taught us to call our Father is a being of infinite malignity." It is difficult to believe that Dr. Thompson will repeat this assertion as his conviction. It is very clear that he makes it here in the blindness of a resolute partisan, who is thinking more of effect with prejudiced hearers than of truth. A child might teach him that the supposition that the words of Christ do not mean what Orthodoxy has made them mean, or the supposition that we do not have a correct report of what Christ said, or the supposition even that Christ was mistaken in his opinion, can be defended, in case eternal punishment must verily be denied, with more reason than this black picture of God and Christ. It is strange that a popular preacher even can presume to such an extent upon the credulity and prejudices of his audience. Yet this is Dr. Thompson's favorite expedient, to represent his opponents as arguing for a malignant God, the head of an infinite pandemonium. We shall see this as we go on.

Charles Kingsley and John Stuart Mill are next in turn to stand over against Jesus Christ and the author of "Love and Penalty." They give occasion to the following indication of the resolution with which the writer starts. He says, "Be its morality true or false, the New Testament does use the threat of hell as an appropriate motive to a virtuous life. We may not set aside its declarations by a foregone conclusion of our philosophy." True or false! The doctrine shall stand, and the New Testament shall support it, "be its morality true or false." We will grant that so suicidal a declaration is attributable only to sheer heedlessness.

To this Dr. Thompson adds, "I do not quote these opinions of others with a view to controversy." "I adduce no weight of authority upon the other side." In fact, he has opposed the several writers named above, and that in the most offensive manner, and with the most sophistical and unsustained appeals to prejudice, to "Christ and the preachers of the New Testament," "John and Jesus," "Jesus Christ and the God whom he taught us to call our Father," "Paul and Christ," and "Paul's account and the declarations of the New Testament." Doubtless this is not controversy, nor adducing authorities.

Our author proceeds to inform us that he proposes to show "the equilibrium of the Divine character" in "the immediate and indissoluble connection" of the offices of Father and "vindictive *Judge and Punisher*." This was the great boast of Dr. Taylor. He professed to show how love was, in the nature of the Divine administration of law, the Divine motive to inflict eternal damnation on sinners, or make an equivalent exhibition of itself in permitting and accepting the vicarious atonement of Christ. It is a pity that there should not be a term accurately and conveniently describing this "equilibrium of the Divine character." We who find mercy and justice united in that chastisement which slays the sin and saves the soul, naturally speak of the chastising love of God. Those who hold that love leads God to inflict damnation, will consistently refer to the Divine attitude towards the sinful under the term *the damning love of God*. If we must hear about the thing, let us have its proper name. "Love and Penalty" is not a frank title for Dr. Thompson to use. We hold to penalty, to exact retribution after the Divine fashion, but we do not hold to damnation in the sense of the Orthodox. The fire into which God's laws bring the soul for its every sin, when it turns from the way of obedience and knowledge of God which was in Christ, we hold, is saving purification to the soul, as well as, and *in* that it is, sure death to sin. Dr. Thompson says that "the reformation of the offender forms no part at all of the design of legal penalty." (p. 182.) He speaks of this penalty as "the highest misery which God can inflict." (p. 134.) His master, Dr. Taylor, calls it "unmingled and endless misery." (Lectures on Moral Government, Vol. I. p. 269.) The name for the infliction of this is a well-known orthodox term. Dr. Thompson should have called his volume "Love and Damnation, or the Damning Love of God."

Dr. Thompson broadly asserts that "we can conceive of no reason why an intelligent, humane, and conscientious person should *wish* to believe in the doctrine of Eternal Punishment, if he did not find it in the plainest terms in the Word of God." (p. 26.) If the dogma of God's damning love is true, every good man will see reason to wish to live by it. In fact,

Dr. Thompson's first position is that "our own nature *demands* this attribute as essential to the moral perfections of the Deity." To prove this, the "laws of human society," the "religions of mankind," and "literature" are appealed to. It is pitiful to see such a broad denial followed by so confident an appeal. And what proof of damnation is found in "the universal sentiment of mankind, that retributive justice is due to wrong-doing," when the question is between a justice which in its most exact retribution is chastisement unto moral redemption, and justice which is damnation unto "ruin without remedy"?

What an argument is this! "Were it announced that God would receive into a state of blessedness, with unchanged characters, the wretches whom men hunt out of human society by Vigilance Committees, could we honor him as a father, or have confidence in his government? Should he say to the angels, all aghast at such a reeking blasphemous crew, 'These creatures are my children, and therefore I have brought them to be with me in my glory,' could *they* revere and love the name of Father? Our nature demands a God the dignity and purity of whose love is not impaired by any effeminate weakness arising from the claim of *relationship*."

The ghastly materialism and atheism of this conception of wretches received by God into a state of blessedness *with unchanged characters* — of a crew reeking and blasphemous while actually with God in his glory — are revolting beyond description. There is no intimation that in the nature of God's moral and spiritual power a soul made blessed with him is made holy. Dr. Thompson is either grossly ignorant or grossly unjust in his representations, when he implies that any serious man ever asserted that wretches, with unchanged characters, should be received into a state of blessedness, and that God would present a reeking blasphemous crew to his angels in heaven. We call on him for the candid acknowledgment which so foul a slander demands.

And now compare his picture with this. For every one of those wretches, exiled from human society by their sins, and brought to darkness and torment, God finds ministers of moral discipline in the very degradation of his fall, and so his gov-

ernment kindles in them, here or hereafter, the resolution of penitent return to God. They go back to obedience, are clothed in the beauty of holiness, and sit down in the kingdom of God. The orthodox elder son may find fault, but does not conscience permit us to reverence such a use of paternal government? Dr. Thompson might think the tenderness of the loving Father "effeminate weakness," but not so the angels of God, if we may believe the fifteenth chapter of Luke. Is there no dignity and purity in this love? Can we fail to find abundant reason for wishing for such a God? Can we give any reason for denying such a God but our own infidel doubt of God's power to train up his offspring in the way in which they should go?

"True law," says Dr. Thompson, "is right reason. It needs no other expositor and interpreter than *our own conscience*." Take this with the previous assertion that "we can conceive of no reason why an intelligent, humane, and conscientious person should *wish* to believe in the doctrine of eternal punishment, if he did not find it in the plainest terms in the Word of God," and the question seems to be given up. Dr. Thompson admits that conscience is competent to decide, and that conscience can furnish no reason for faith in eternal punishment. It may be that he finds no reason for wishing to believe in the fact that a doctrine is the truth of God revealed in the conscience. In that case, he has a door of escape from our criticism, a door which opens upon that unconscious infidelity and atheism to which the advocates of eternal punishment are driven. Think of taking refuge in the doctrine that God's truth does violence to the reason and wishes of intelligent, humane, and conscientious men!

The weight of the appeal to heathen religions which Dr. Thompson makes, is somewhat diminished by our recollection of his master's picture of the awful need of a revelation disclosed in the condition of the best minds of the heathen world. The first inquiry with Dr. Taylor and his pupil is, What premises are required by our desired conclusions? In his discussion of the need of a revelation, Dr. Taylor described Socrates as "a mere panderer of bad men — and women too." But change the theme, and make it desirable to use the testimony

of the ancients, and they become venerable witnesses to the fact that "our nature plants itself on the side of right, and cries for *vengeance*." Dr. Thompson is welcome to all the comfort which he can draw from "the tombs of Egypt," "the eye of Osiris," and "the Furies with snaky hair and whips of scorpions." We prefer the revelation of God in the conscience of Christian seers and in the love which was in Christ.

Dr. Thompson speaks of "that Being whose eyes devour all iniquity," and of "that anger against moral evil which burns with an eternal intensity in the purity of the Divine Essence." Will it be said that the eyes of God devour souls as well as sins? Is it not rather true, that in devouring all iniquity God passes every soul through the refiner's fire unto full redemption? Our author cannot escape the force of such terms. He must admit that God either annihilates the sinful soul with its sin, or saves the soul in annihilating its sin. The moral and spiritual omnipotence of God must be denied, or it must be admitted that God, in the feeling "against moral evil which burns with an eternal intensity in the purity of the Divine Essence," devours all sin, and so saves alive every soul.

In his second lecture, Dr. Thompson argues from "the course of Providence in this world." He here confounds questions which are quite distinct. The thing which he has undertaken to prove is eternal damnation; but his chapter is entitled, "Future Retribution argued from the Course of Providence in this World." We believe in Divine retribution, both present and future, — a retribution commensurate with every act of sin, and tending by the laws of God's moral government to reform and restore the sinner. The Prodigal Son had a true experience of Divine retribution. Dr. Thompson tries to believe in a retribution accommodated to the interests of evil rather than of good. He says that his nature *demands* "destruction of character and hope," "ruin without remedy," as a return for wrong action. His watchword would be, If the moral mechanism does not work perfectly, let it perish eternally!

Let us see what he proves from the course of Providence in this world. He tells us that "the unequal distribution of good and evil under general laws shows that this is not a

world of strict retribution. The favors enjoyed by the wicked show that God here uses reclaiming influences with men." Thus he is forced to admit, that *his* idea of retribution is *not* the law of God's providence in this world. Present retribution does effect restoration, instead of destruction, in many cases. We hold this to be the legitimate tendency of all retribution. Dr. Thompson professes to see damnation threatened in Providence in spite of these instances of restoration. This is his answer to the plea that evil is overruled and made a means of redemptive discipline. "Was Gabriel developed to his present position of moral perfection and glory by such process of physical suffering and such tortures of conscience? Have the angels of heaven been developed by any such experience of misery? Can we conceive of beings *morally* perfect as subjected by the Creator to suffering and fear, misery and remorse, as a means of development? Indeed, if an experience of suffering is necessary to moral development, then the Creator himself is dependent upon the suffering caused by the sin of creatures for his own moral perfection." The idea which Dr. Thompson thinks he would like to refute is, that the experience of evil is incident to, and is divinely overruled for, the early development of beings whom God has seen fit to bring upon the earth in a wholly *undeveloped* state. Against this he argues by asking whether the experience of evil is a necessary incident of the perfection of God and the position of the angels. As a fact, we know that the infancy of immortal beings is attended with an experience of evil, and we believe that this is wisely permitted, and kindly and fully overruled to the final perfection of every soul. Our faith is not in the least endangered by any questions about the experience of beings who enjoy present perfection. Dr. Thompson believes that Jesus Christ was very God. He doubtless will not deny that he was "made perfect through suffering." This might suffice for an answer to his question, but we prefer not to puzzle him more than truth compels. How Dr. Thompson can intimate that God is in a state of moral development in the same sense that man is, so that the necessary conditions of moral development for man can be asserted to be the necessary conditions of the moral perfection of God, we confess

ourselves unable to see. Is it not evident that the conditions necessary to the development of the undeveloped are not necessary to the perfection of the perfect, whether perfect by development or by divinity of original nature? As to the angels, if they were developed from such germs as the soul of an infant, it may safely be asserted that some suitable means of development were used; and a man need not sneer at the idea that what is incident to, and divinely overruled for, the development of men as God's creatures, may have been incident to, and overruled for, the development of angels as God's creatures. The idea is far from absurd, though we do not claim it as a fact. As to the Deity we are not accustomed to suppose, as Dr. Thompson implies, that Divine perfection is the result of moral development. The assumption that God is "dependent for his own moral perfection" upon whatever is necessary to the moral development of man, is a very repulsive feature of this work.

Speaking of what he calls Dualism, Dr. Thompson says, "If God be not master of evil in the creation; if he does not hold it under his control; if the evils that are in the world are not under the control of Divine wisdom and love, for moral ends,—what guaranty is there that evil will not triumph in the long run,—that the lord of darkness will not sweep the helpless sons of men into eternal night and woe? There stands the evil which he does not, and by this theory cannot, overcome; and *we* may be crushed by that, though in respect to others God's plans of benevolence should prevail." This is in reply to the doctrine of "two opposing powers,—the Lord of light, who is blessed in himself, and beneficent toward all, and the Lord of darkness, who is miserable in himself, and malignant toward all." The reader may not see why this doctrine should be opposed by Dr. Thompson. It is because these two lords are represented as gods. Call one God and the other Devil, and we have the author's own orthodox doctrine, and may turn his argument against himself. We hold that God is master of evil,—not merely physical but moral,—master of his creation, and able to overrule all evil for moral good, so that at last, when his work is consummated, the good shall be triumphant and complete. Calvin-

ism holds that evil, if not a personal Devil, has defeated the moral aim of God, and, in the case of vast numbers, will continue to defeat it. The only difference between the "Persian mythology" and the "orthodox" theology — if we should not rather say mythology here also — is this, that the last makes regnant evil, or a throned Devil, the creature of God, deliberately let loose by him on the world. We hold that though God permits evil, the evil is not regnant, but a surely defeated enemy. We hold that the actually working powers of God for good are regnant over all evil in every soul, and presently and surely tending toward the final destruction of all evil. We hold that the very sty of sin and husks of lowest misery are overruled to send the prodigal back to God. The ideal impersonation of evil, Satan or Devil, is forced to speak effectively for God, and so God reigns to redeem every soul. Dr. Thompson holds that God permits the Devil, or at least evil, to reign forever in hosts of lost souls. The Persian finds two empires from the first. The "Orthodox" believes that God, upon the sin of man, delivers him over to the empire of regnant evil. To such a conception of God yielding up his rule to evil, or to the Devil, it may well be said, What good in such a God? You talk of justice! Just to refuse to subdue rebellious subjects and bring them to glad obedience? You talk of human freedom! Free from God! Free from his providence! Free from his manifold discipline! Free from his many ways of showing his children truth with effective persuasion! Free from the monitions of the spirit which God is! Moral and spiritual beings are free agents in that they are moral and spiritual. In this also they are the natural subjects of the use of moral and spiritual power, and he who undertakes to say that God has put man beyond the reach of his own moral and spiritual omnipotence, undertakes to deny the reality which God is. Man is put beyond the reach of physical coercion in that he is made moral and spiritual. But in this very constitution of his nature he is made capable of being naturally formed to moral perfection by moral power, and lifted to all heights of spiritual attainment by spiritual help. It is simply the worst kind of materialism and atheism, therefore, to say that God has put man beyond

the limits of his own effective paternal government. The doctrine that evil has full sway forever in any soul, denies God so far as that soul is concerned. In this atheism the Persian and the "Orthodox" agree, the former representing that evil reigns in spite of the Lord of light, and the latter that it reigns, by the consent of God and as his prime minister, over all transgressors, to their destruction forever.

In the third chapter Future Retribution is inferred from the Divine treatment of the chosen people, from the words of Christ, and from the "high and sacred fatherhood of God." The use made of the language of Christ depends wholly upon the ideas brought to the reading of the record, and it is with these ideas that we are now concerned. We unwillingly put upon our pages the following abstract of the author's views on this head: "The high and sacred Fatherhood which the Gospel reveals, is a Fatherhood in Christ towards those who love Him, and not a general Fatherhood of indiscriminate love and blessing for the race. There is a general sense in which God is styled the Father of mankind; namely, as the author of their being and the providential supporter of life. In this sense, also, he is said to be the Father of *lights*, — the author and head of the physical creation; and the Father of all creatures, as well as of the spirits of all flesh." "God is spoken of, also, as the Father of men, because in their spiritual constitution they are made in his image. But this general use of the term Father, to denote the author and supporter of life, does not carry with it those ideas of special kindness or parental favoritism which some associate with the name. . . . The mere fact that we are his offspring does not insure to us the covenanted blessings of his kingdom. We must be his children in character." Dr. Thompson, in the first quotation, admits that God is our Father in the sense of "author and head of the physical creation," or in that he made and provided for our bodies, just as he is Father of the brute. In the second paragraph, he admits that God is Father of men in the sense of "author and supporter of life," or maker of the soul. And this is all! God made us, and there his Fatherhood ends for all who have not "a holy character begun by faith in Christ." Without this "they can hope nothing from the Fatherhood of God."

Now we have a deep sense of a natural relationship between the human soul and God. To us this rests on a covenant that cannot be broken, on the purpose of God to train up his offspring in the way in which they should go, the way of holiness and happiness. His love is the impulse in him of this purpose ; his justice is the warrant to us that it cannot fail. As author and supporter of life, God but prepares for his parental government of his moral and spiritual offspring. That parental government consists in this and this only, — in the use of means, moral and spiritual, to make us his children in character. Because he loves goodness, and man made good for his purpose, he cannot but rule over and in us to make us his own in glad obedience. Because he is bound to make his law to be obeyed by all, he may not neglect to govern any soul to glad obedience. The man who says that *any* good father can help being impelled to train his natural offspring to moral excellence, and to make them wholly good and happy, profanes the idea of fatherhood, and confesses himself destitute of natural affection or of common sense. The man who says that justice does not command the father to train up his child in the way of a true and perfect life, is ignorant of the first principle of moral government. Because love impels and justice demands of God to use all his power to train his natural offspring to whole obedience, and so to make them his children in character, we believe invincibly that good, and not evil, will prevail at last.

In denying the Fatherhood, Dr. Thompson virtually denies the continued moral and spiritual government of God for any but believers ! Would he not be pronounced a monster if he refused to care for the reformation of a child's character, on the ground that only children with "holy characters" were entitled to a father's care ? Yet he asserts that God brings into being infant immortals, and leaves them to run in the ways that lead to "destruction of character and hope" forever, on the ground that they, being without holy characters, are not entitled to paternal care ! "High and sacred Fatherhood which the Gospel reveals" ! Denial of God's paternal moral government over all his children ! That which illuminates the New Testament history is the practical recognition by Christ — the continual assumption — of the efficient and saving

fatherhood of God over the "lost sheep," the "prodigal sons" of the race. This is the characteristic feature of Christ's work, that he went to "publicans and sinners," and the characteristic feature of the Gospel lesson that God is good to sinners, a just God and a Saviour. Have they no Testaments in New York? Dr. Thompson argues that God is said to be Father of *lights* as author of the *physical* creation. We recall another use of the term "lights." James says that the Father of lights of his own will begat us with the word of truth, which seems to us to refer to a moral and spiritual fatherhood. We have so loved God and so read the Gospels as to get the idea that spiritual enlightenment, a word of truth, is brought by God's care and discipline into the soul, and that this blessed grace from God, being fully shown in the anointing of the man Christ, is the inalienable birthright and sure destiny of every soul, because of the Divine fatherhood over every soul.

In the fourth lecture the author argues from "the demerit of sin." "Hell," he says, "*is the logical exponent of sin.*" The proof of this is the assertion that "what Blackstone says of *human* law is even more applicable to Divine law, 'that the main force and strength of a law consists in the penalty annexed to it.' " Let us suppose an obedient soul under law. To such a one the righteousness of the law is its sanction. The moral truth revealed to his conscience persuades him to obey. But the soul not disposed, but compelled to obey, is influenced, not by the righteousness of the law, but by the threatened penalty. To such a one the external threat of penalty is the sanction of the law. Here are two sanctions, the threatened penalty, and the manifest authority of law. The first is for the lawless. This is the sanction which human governments chiefly use. In a perfect government the effective use of this sanction breaks the disobedient disposition, and brings the soul under the effective influence of the higher sanction. In this sense the law of penalty is a schoolmaster to bring us to the law of love. Human governments, so far as actual criminals are concerned, usually fail to use effectively the first sanction, and so cannot go on to the use of the second. Not so the perfect government of God. He uses penalty with full effect, and by it brings the soul under the

new dispensation of the law of love revealed with power to the conscience. Dr. Thompson's mistake consists in asserting that what we have seen to be true of human government solely because of imperfection is more true of God's perfect government. He can see no other sanction of God's law than that which appeals to the love of happiness and the fear of misery. He ignores the self-evident rightness of right, and with it the second stage of moral government, the second dispensation of revelation. Suppose that by penalty the prodigal is brought to himself, — is brought to see how right it is that he should obey, and obeys because of this sense of right, and returns to his Father God thoroughly obedient to right for its own sake, — is not the law then vindicated? Dr. Thompson thinks *dread* a governing motive of the perfect life, and knows no rule for the children of God but threatened penalty.

In the remaining chapters of this work no questions are raised which we care to notice except those which have already come under discussion. Penalty that will not reform, suffering that does not purify, damning love rather than redeeming love, are insisted on throughout, with much labor and many words. The fate of the fallen angels is made overwhelming proof of certain damnation. Altogether the parable of the prodigal son is found to be a caricature of paternal government, and the necessity of being afraid of God shown to be the saving lesson of the Gospel.

You, O man, love pleasure and fear misery. God is bound to show his dislike of sin by inflicting on the sinner unmingled and endless misery. The idea that he will chastise for the sake of reformation, that misery can work reform, or that a free agent can be persuaded to return to God, is a foolish invention of infidels. In God is no hope of escape from misery. He neither will nor can save you. Talk not of his fatherhood and his effective paternal care. You are not entitled to it without holiness, and God is not so effeminate as to be influenced by a weak claim of *relationship*. His love for the sinner is only a *damning* love. The infidel bids you love God, Christ bade us be afraid of him. You will burn forever in hell if you do not *fear* God and fly for your lives to the only salvation set forth by Orthodoxy.

Such is the gist of this latest defence of the doctrine of eternal damnation. It is an ostentatious and confident attempt to prove all Liberal Christians infidels to sound reason and to just law, as well as to Christ and God, because they do not believe in penalty which is warranted to do the punished no good. So far as it exerts any influence at all, it will serve the cause of atheism, not of faith.

ART. II. — FRIEDRICH WILHELM VON THIERSCH.

1. *Griechische Grammatik, vorzüglich des Homerischen Dialektes.* Von FRIEDRICH THIERSCH. Dritte vermehrte und verbesserte Auflage. Leipzig, bey Gerhard Fleischer. 1826.
2. *Ueber die Epochen der bildenden Kunst unter den Griechen.* Von FRIEDRICH THIERSCH. Zweyte verbesserte und vermehrte Auflage mit drey lithographirten Tafeln. München, in der literarisch-artistischen Anstalt. 1829.
3. *De l'Etat actuel de la Grèce et des Moyens d'arriver à sa Restauration.* Par FRIED. WILH. VON THIERSCH. Leipzig. 1833.

THE author of the above-named works died in Munich on the 25th of February, 1860, in the seventy-sixth year of his age ; and German scholars mourned as for a brother gone. "A noble life is ended ; the great Philhellene and Humanist, the Nestor of science, is no more," they said to one another sadly. Not long before his death, the Cross of the Royal Bavarian Ludwigs-order was conferred upon him by his own king, and by the king of Saxony the Albrecht-order of the first class. But not by royal orders does the world which knows anything of him judge his merit. Science knows nothing of such decorations, nor that silent company of scholars to which he has now passed, which, solemn, and with single aim, leads the march of our race down the ages, pointing ever beyond the mortal. A laborious, genial man, his strivings brought much to pass in this world ; yet for what he was, not less than for what he did, shall our kindly remembrance follow him.

Thiersch was born on the 17th of June, 1784, in the little

village of Kirch Scheidungen, near Freyburg, on the Unstrut, in that part of Germany still known by its ancient designation of Thuringia, in Saxony. Not far from his home, in the valley of the Saale, into which the Unstrut falls just here, is the town of Naumburg,—in the midst of an amphitheatre of vine-covered hills,—where he was early put to school, to play around its ancient Gothic cathedral, if he would,—or to recall that story of the Thirty Years' War, in which Naumburg had a part, which blasted the busy cities and the strong young growth of Germany like a whirlwind of consuming fire, the black ashes still marking the course of it. From Naumburg Thiersch was sent to the ancient school of Schulpforte, close by, where Lessing and Klopstock were educated also. In 1804 he was removed to Leipzig, where the celebrated Hermann had just been installed Professor, to study theology and philology. For three years he sat under Hermann, and then passed on for a little while to Halle, and then to Göttingen, where he gave himself to the inspiration and guidance of Heyne, one of the best philologists whom Germany has produced. On the 23d of July he was recommended by Heyne to the magistracy of Göttingen, and with the royal consent appointed by it, on the 10th of August, to the office of teacher in the Gymnasium there, in which he greatly distinguished himself, as he also did not less by his publications, which were, in 1808, “Tables containing a Method of learning Greek in a simpler and more thorough Way,” and his “Specimen of an Edition of the Banquet of Plato.” Ripe with the learning which had been opened to him, either as guest or disciple, by Wolf and Beck, Hermann and Heyne, he was fit to be called in 1809 to the newly created Lyceum at Munich, in which he was made Professor of Ancient Literature, having received his Doctor's degree from the hands of Heyne on the 18th of June, 1808.

Shortly after he came to Munich, Ludwig Döderlein came also to dwell with his parents there, and to frequent Thiersch's lectures,—one whom he could hold up as a model to his pupils, for he had a very clear mind, and a genius framed for criticism. There came also Franc. Xav. Werfer, and Aloys Nickel, with others of congenial sort; each with much zeal to interpret Sophocles, or Plato, or Sallust, or other writers.

As they met together to compare opinions, or stimulate one another, they were stirred to communicate themselves to mankind, and so for a few years there went forth into the world occasional little books, with pretty blue covers and classic pictures on them, all written in the best of Latin, containing painful grammatical remarks, which you may find now in the solitude of great libraries, all bound up and very dusty, and labelled "Acta Philologorum Monacensium" (3 vols., Munich, 1812-26). Thiersch was the editor, and did his part by a dissertation upon the "Moods of Verbs by which Homer indicates the Times and Causes of Things." They had in view, also, to set forth the riches of the great library at Munich, whose collection of Greek manuscripts was already in part known by the catalogue of Hardt. The books of Peter Victor were especially to be noticed, which at his death, in 1587, his relations and heirs had removed from Florence to Rome,—where, in 1780, they were bought by Carl Theodore, then Elector of Bavaria, to be deposited in the library at Munich, to the great grief of the learned of Rome, who lamented that so worthy a collection, the memorial of one of the greatest philologists of Italy, should pass beyond their use. The collection consisted of very rare Aldine and other editions, known as *principes*, on the margins of which it was the custom of Victor to record different readings which he had obtained, partly from various libraries of Italy, and partly from contributions of friends.

Not long after Thiersch got to Munich, one Christopher von Aretin, well known in Bavaria for several historical works relating to that kingdom, but very little elsewhere, perhaps, started a controversy about foreigners being employed in Bavaria, which Thiersch made hotter by his book published in 1810, on the "Alleged Difference between North and South Germany." An attempt made to assassinate him in the streets of Munich, at this period, is ascribed to the hatreds created by this work. But neither applause nor enmity has much effect upon earnest workers anywhere, whose motives, clear and inspiring to them, make martyrdom rather tempting than otherwise. And he proceeded to found a philological institute, of which he was made overseer. It was established in 1812, by royal decree, and under its auspices were published the "Acta"

of which we have just spoken. It was afterwards incorporated with the Academy, and upon the removal of the University from Landshut to Munich, in 1826, was united with that.

It may not be uninteresting, perhaps, to give a word or two to his course of instruction at this period, as we find it set forth in uneasy Latin. After the youth were taught the elements of the ancient tongues in the earliest schools, they passed to the Pro-gymnasium, in which they were instructed in the chief rules of grammar, and read Homer and Xenophon with a teacher. Then the Gymnasium received them, for the most part at the age of fourteen, in which they passed through four classes, continuing the reading of the ancient writers, and the study of mythology and archæology and history in connection therewith, so that whatever thing were mentioned they might know all about it. And when this course was finished, it was required of them, before they could be considered eligible to any office in the state, to mount higher in their knowledge of philosophy, mathematics, or history, till they attained so much as is rightly looked for in one who is liberally educated. For that purpose, not only the University, but the Lyceum, was open to them; but it was the usual custom for the pupil to go first to the Lyceum, where he could pass a couple of years under the eyes of his parents and under stricter discipline than in the University. The Gymnasium, according to this arrangement, is put between the Lyceum and the Pro-gymnasium and schools. In it, as in a sanctuary, the culture of youth was guarded, and, all things which concerned practical life being very much let alone, the mind was lifted up and the judgment strengthened by the study of antiquity.

The philological seminary soon numbered among its members many from the Lyceum, and some from the highest class in the Gymnasium, besides ushers and Catholic youth, willing to seize the opportunity to learn the classics more accurately, which they were taught also to interpret to others. Thrice in the week Prof. Thiersch held forth upon some Greek or Latin author; and under the title of the History of Culture among the Greeks and Romans, he illustrated the letters, art, and customs of antiquity. The course was completed in two years,

and the king gave 600 florins (\$250) yearly to be divided among studious youths. Thus Prof. Thiersch became the founder of philological studies in Bavaria.

It was at this early period also of his life in Munich, that he published his Greek Grammar by which he is best known in this country. The first edition, published in 1812, was so rapidly bought up that in 1813 it was out of print. It was dedicated to Andreas von Baranoff, an intelligent and amiable Russian youth, with whom he had passed happy studious days in Leipzig and Göttingen, and who with great industry and rare insight had collected for him at Paris material for an edition of Plato, consisting of a collation of the five Paris manuscripts used by Louis le Roi in his translation of the Banquet into French, published in 1559. But the quiet free hours for this work never came; and Baranoff himself died shortly afterward, at St. Petersburg. The second edition was published in 1818, and the third, the title of which stands at the head of our article, in 1826, the result of eighteen years of labor. "Alas!" he says, "I give my life to grammar," — *Γηράσκω δ' αἰεὶ πολλὰ διδασκόμενος*. It has been translated into English by D. K. Sandford, Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow (Edinburgh, 1830); and a text-book for schools was made of it in Germany in 1854. Professor Sandford says of it, in his Preface, that it is not only a copious book of reference on grammatical points, but that it embraces likewise a minute and comprehensive view of the whole growth and texture of the Greek language.

As the title indicates, the work has special reference to the Homeric dialect. You must get your examples somewhere, and there is no reason for taking them from many authors when you may find them all in one, says Thiersch, and adds, wisely, that it is a fundamental law, to be strictly observed in books of instruction if you would make them effective, not to distract the attention, but to collect it upon one subject, so as to fix that in the mind as something from which all that is afterwards learned is to be regarded, either in its affinity to it or in its deviation from it. But the old method of instruction, according to which hitherto the Greek language has been taught, both in its etymology and its syntax, seems to me, he

says, more and more as our wretched inheritance from Eustathius, Chrysoloras, and Lascaris. Others may stumble on as well as they may with this method ; I, for my part, will do what I can to devise another.

The Greek language, both in the formation and construing of words, was to him a living whole, the development of a great and simple plan, in which may be traced the origin of the word as of the sentence, from its root to its last form of the verb and the period, not less in the severe antique epic than in the wanton growth of the later eloquence. It was his aim therefore to develop this plan in its original simplicity out of the language itself, and to show it in its inner connections and outer ramifications as a self-subsisting, complete whole. And as Homer was the ground and cause of the subsequent culture of the Greeks, he took him for his basis. The *North American Review*, in 1824, pronounced him one of the most accomplished scholars of the day, and his Greek Grammar not only the best of that language, but the best of any language. "The greatest order prevails throughout the whole," says the reviewer, "one proposition following the preceding with as much order as in books of geometry. A philosophic spirit pervades every part of the Grammar ; and yet he never pauses to theorize or contend for speculative notions on language."

The scholars of other lands and the next century will know him, of course, chiefly by what he has written ; and that may be found in great part in the transactions of the Royal Bavarian Academy of Sciences, established at Munich, which he entered as an Adjunct on the 15th of March, 1811, and three or four years afterwards was chosen, with the royal consent, into the philological-philosophical class as a regular member. Of what significance this Academy is, let us recall in the briefest way. It was founded in 1758 under the Electors, Karl Theodor among them, and when the Elector was changed by Napoleon into King, the Academy was re-formed, in 1807, by Maximilian Joseph, and received a constitution. Being established by the government, the latter has a right to its services, which it claims upon all scientific matters concerning the state. Its members are elected only by consent of the

king, and nobody is to be chosen who has not given proof of singular learning by writings of recognized value, or by discoveries, and who does not fulfil the condition of reputable character and a pure love for science. The regular members, who devote themselves wholly to the Academy, and occupy no salaried position in the state, are paid by the government, and, in the absence of other dignity, have the rank belonging to the higher administrative positions in the state, and their widows and orphans are pensioned. To the regular members there are added also pupils, who are advanced to be adjuncts, if their ability bears the test of examination. They share in the deliberations of the Academy, and in its work also, being required to read at least two treatises in each year; and when they have thus given proof of their fitness they are eligible to the position of teachers in the Gymnasiums, Lyceums, and Universities, or to vacant places in the Academy, and special care is promised to advance them if their zeal does not flag. Both pupils and adjuncts are paid by the state, and sent on journeys at the expense of the state. We read of this one gone to pursue Oriental lore in Paris, and of that one far away in the Brazils. Among the Academicians themselves there is no rank, and every member is free to express his opinions unrestrainedly, though it is expected of him to do it modestly; and it is the especial charge of the President to observe that there should prevail always that genial calm in which science flourishes best. The number of members is limited to thirty-six. The high rank of the Academician is obvious therefore, and the spirit in which the Academy was created does honor to the state and the age. Prof. Thiersch made his *début* in December, 1811, with a treatise upon Hesiod, showing how he was neither a contemporary nor an imitator of Homer, but belonged to that epic age of Bœotia which had a common origin with the epic age of Ionia.

In 1813, and again in 1814, Thiersch went to Paris, spending seven months there the second time, among the archæologists and sculptors who gathered then around Visconti. It was there that he beheld the unparalleled art-collection, the like of which the world never saw before and will never see again, for which all Europe had been ransacked; and then, doubtless,

that he formed the opinion, in which many agree, that the Greek art of the time of Phidias did not die out with the time of Alexander, but bloomed still, if on Roman soil, in the days of Hadrian. In the autumn of 1815, some remains of Roman buildings were found near Salzburg, and the Academy were about to despatch Thiersch to examine them, when the king suddenly sent him again to Paris, to reclaim the books and manuscripts of which Napoleon had pillaged the library at Munich. And at this time, in Burlington House in London, he had the gratification of studying the Elgin Marbles with Canova. His views of the origin and progress and permanence of the Greek Art appear in two treatises which he read before the Academy at Munich in 1816, and afterwards published with great additions in 1829, in the volume of which the title is given at the head of our article. The second of these treatises gave occasion to sundry remarks in the *North American Review* for January, 1821, in which Prof. Thiersch's theory, if it be one, is slightly sketched. Briefly, then, he did not deny the influence of the East upon the early Greek art, — rather, indeed, sought to trace it to that wondrous country, Egypt, out of whose mysterious past so much is thought to have come, — itself the greatest riddle, which the Sphinx, looking out from the sands, seems to defy you in this farthest time or ever to solve, as if guarding the Unknown forever there. But remembering the ante-Homeric art, and connecting that with the authentic specimens of the art in the sixth or seventh century before Christ, which came to light in Ægina in 1811, and following on to that wonderful development which needed only a century to unfold, and glorify itself for all time, in the works of Phidias, 500 B. C., — recalling, too, with studious effort and sharpest insight, the history of that early period, — it came to be his opinion that the theory of Winckelmann, which affirmed a sudden rise and fall in the Greek art in the period between Phidias and Alexander the Great, was not consistent either with history or what remains of the ancient sculpture. So that, while he did justice to the friezes of the Parthenon, he did no less justice to the Apollo Belvedere, and the Antinoüs, and the Torso, and the Barberini Faun. Nor was it a wonder to him that the arts bloomed full five hundred

years in Greece ; for what beauty the great master had developed once for all, they clung to in the coming centuries, so that the Minervas sculptured in the time of Hadrian had the features which are recognized in the works of Phidias and Praxiteles. The permanence of the arts, too, rested upon the permanence of the religion ; the type once consecrated was adhered to, not less in the statue than in the temple. For when, in the time of Vespasian, the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter was destroyed in the burning of the Capitol, the old form was adhered to in the rebuilding, "for the gods would not suffer it to be altered." Only the height was increased. "That alone would religion permit," as Tacitus reports the soothsayers to have declared. The art of Greece was as old as the states of Greece, and the dawn of our self-conscious free humanity was for Thiersch when the Greek philosophy was born into the world.

Thiersch was a German patriot, and took profoundest interest in the great struggle for freedom in 1813, when Germany awoke and made partial atonement to itself for the bitter humiliation of submission to a foreign race. He took the liveliest interest, also, in the effort which the Greeks were making at this period to throw off the yoke of the Turks, and to establish a new kingdom in the world, — one of the most important, as it is one of the least-regarded, events of the present century. Since 1683, when Kara Mustapha, with his two hundred thousand Turks, was defeated under the walls of Vienna by the Duke of Lorraine, the empire of the Sultan has been steadily decaying. It would have gone down long ago, perhaps, under the pressure of the civilization of the West, had it not been for the rivalries and deadly fears of the Christian powers. But its days are numbered now. Not even the rivers of blood which ran in the Crimea can float it up longer ; and the frightful question which Europe is asking itself, as to what shall be done with it, may perhaps find an answer in the existence and promise of this Greek people, who, through the blight of nearly two thousand years of foreign domination, have preserved their language and many of the qualities which made them once the glory of the earth. Stimulated as they are by the passionate remembrance of the long-gone past,

with a future not less brilliant, if they will but be true to their faith and their opportunity, it is possible, even probable, that the coming time shall witness a new power and the bloom of a fresh life in the beautiful islands of the *Ægean*, and through all the shores of the Eastern Mediterranean, and a new Byzantium also enthroned upon the Golden Horn.

But the political regeneration of Greece was of value only as it was prepared and sustained by the intellectual and moral. As early as 1813, on the 13th of May, Thiersch read to the Academy a paper upon the efforts of the Modern Greeks to educate their nation, which was communicated to the Academy at Corfu, to the Learned Society at Bucharest, and to the Institute at Smyrna, in token of its appreciation of the efforts of those bodies. And the Patriarch in Constantinople, together with Smyrna and Bucharest, returned grateful replies; and young Greek students came to Munich, Landshut, Würzburg, and elsewhere in Germany; and the Academy of Munich was called the benefactress of Greece.

In 1814 Thiersch went to Vienna to concert with the Count Capo d'Istrias the plan of the *Hetæra*, or Society of the Friends of Greece. Capo d'Istrias was a Greek, a native of Corfu, who, early entering the Russian service, had risen to be a minister of state, and was at this time Russian Ambassador at Vienna. But as Russia at this period disapproved of the attempts of the Greeks, he quitted its service and went into retirement, spending his time chiefly at Geneva, till 1827, when he was called to be President of the short-lived Greek Republic. But he was soon thought to be trying to undermine the liberties of Greece; and so, according to their barbarous custom, the *Mainotes* doomed him in secret, and he perished at Nauplia in 1831 under the knife of the assassin.

The plan of the *Hetæra* was probably suggested by an earlier one said to have been formed by the celebrated Rhiga of Velesinos, who toward the close of the last century already recognized the yearning of the Greeks to emancipate themselves. He was a well-educated man, conversant with Europe, and left nothing undone by word of mouth, or by song and elegy and ballad, to stimulate the dormant purpose of his countrymen. To accomplish his object he visited every man

of influence in the Peloponnesus, Thessaly, Macedonia, and the Islands, and was preparing to pass into Albania when he was seized at Trieste by the Austrians and delivered to the Turks, by whom he was put to death, in 1797, under the torture, at Belgrade, but not till he had *eaten* the list of names of those whom he had put down as in the cause. Thiersch sought first, by his plan of the *Hetæra*, to forward the scientific and moral culture of the Greeks. Two or three years later a political society of the same name was formed, open only to native Greeks, with agents in all parts of Europe, which gave a decided impulse to the Revolution now fast coming on.

In 1821 he wrote a pamphlet containing a proposition for the formation of a German legion in Greece, and in 1828 a lecture upon Modern Greek Poetry, and in 1845 "The Apology of a Philhellene." In 1822 he made a journey to Italy, of which, with Schorn, Gerhardt, and Klenze, he published an account in 1826, and in 1831 he journeyed to Greece, of which Otho, son of his king, Ludwig I. of Bavaria, was made king in the following year. The result of this visit, and of his enthusiastic interest in that country, was his work, written in French, of which the title is given at the head of our article, — which had great influence upon the diplomats who had charge then, as now, of Greek politics, — and numerous valuable treatises, besides, upon Greek Antiquities and philological subjects, which he delivered to the Academy in after years. One of the most curious of these was his vocabulary of the language of the Tzakones, which he compiled while at Nauplia, in the summer of 1832. This race dwells in the southeasterly part of the Peloponnesus, or rather between Sparta and Nauplia, and their language was as little intelligible to the people about them as to Professor Thiersch. It is contended by some that they are of the Slavic nations which poured into Greece in the Middle Ages, with such effect that, according to Fallmeyer, there are no Greeks, not a drop of Greek blood in Greece, at this day, — which opinion, so far as the Tzakones are concerned, is shared by a great authority in our neighborhood, who points to their physiognomy as evidence of their Slavic origin. Examining their language with strictest accuracy,

Professor Thiersch affirms it to be neither Slavic nor Greek, but discovers in it the elements of that language, out of which both Greek and Latin were formed. It has to him the highest antiquity; it is the speech of those whom Herodotus describes as inhabiting this very district, and who dwelt there before all history and all tradition. For, beyond the Ionic and Doric elements traceable in it, there is evidence of another tongue, even the PELASGIC. The careful Mr. Finlay, also, another Philhellene, whose long residence in Greece and intimate acquaintance with the Greek people add weight to his words, says of this race, in his valuable work on Mediæval Greece: "While the rest of the Modern Greeks, from Corfu to Trebizond, speak a language marked by the same grammatical corruptions in the most distant lands, the Tzakones alone retain grammatical forms of a distinct nature, which prove that their dialect has been formed on a different type. It cannot, therefore, be doubted, that they have a strong claim to be regarded as the most direct descendants of the ancient inhabitants of the Peloponnesus that now exist."

Thiersch was now vigorously occupied in putting into practice his ideas upon education, a work in which his accurate knowledge of the Gymnasiums of Bavaria and other countries stood him in good stead. Upon the removal of the University to Munich, he was made Professor of Philology in 1826. In 1827 was published his work upon "Learned Schools, with particular Reference to Bavaria." In this connection may be mentioned, also, his work respecting "The latest Attacks upon the Universities," published in 1837, in which he defended the maintenance of the system of classical study against the realism of Klumpp and others.

Klumpp was a native of Würtemberg, born in 1790. He at first studied theology, but afterwards took to teaching as the business of his life. In 1821 he was made Professor in the Gymnasium in Stuttgart, where, in 1833, he was advanced to the position of Professor of Ancient Literature and Mathematics in the Ober-gymnasium. His tendency as teacher was to practical things,—to modern languages and the sciences, to the exclusion of classical studies. His views, contained in his book touching "Learned Schools according to the Principles

of the true Humanismus," met with such favorable reception that the king of Würtemberg gave the castle at Stetten, in the Remsthal, for the establishment of an educational institute, to be conducted upon Klumpp's theory, of which Klumpp was associate superintendent. It was opened in May, 1831, with fifty-four pupils, and soon reached the limit of one hundred pupils; but, notwithstanding that apparent success, Klumpp found himself, after several years' trial, obliged to depart in a great degree from his theory, and to adopt the old system of instruction, whereupon his institute began to prosper; so that in his treatise "*Touching the Organization of Real or Polytechnic Schools*" his opposition to the ancient Humanismus was a good deal milder. It was through his influence that the gymnastic exercises — which he first introduced at Stuttgart in 1821, and conducted himself for many years — became universal in Germany.

The plan which Thiersch laid down in 1829 for the Gymnasiums and Latin schools of Bavaria was carried out, and, after repeated alterations, is still the basis of the school ordinances of 1830 and 1853. A violent controversy was roused by his work upon "*The present Condition of Public Instruction in the Western States of Germany, in Holland, France, and Belgium*," in which Linde, Diesterweg, and others took vehement part against him. About this time, in 1837, he also took advantage of the anniversary of the University of Göttingen to institute regular meetings of teachers and philologists, which his presence contributed much to inspire afterwards at Mannheim, Gotha, Cassel, Erlangen, and Dresden.

In addition to this professional activity, he wrote much and often in the "*Allgemeine Zeitung*," the great newspaper of Germany, upon public affairs in general. Almost his last public appearance was upon the occasion of the delivery of his address before the Academy, of which he had been President since 1848, upon its opening in the fall of 1858. He was also general conservator of the scientific collections of the state. It was an active, vigorous life this, which a brief cyclopedic article does little justice to.

Two of his brothers have made respectable scientific efforts: one, the younger, Ernst Thiersch, in a work on For-

ests; the other, Bernhard, also a teacher, in various philological writings, particularly in his work upon the "The Age and Country of Homer," in which he denies the Ionic-Asiatic origin of that much-written-of bard, offering to prove that he lived before the appearance of the Heraclidæ in the Peloponnesus.

And now the life so earnest and useful is drawing to its earthly close. Early in the spring of 1858 preparation was made to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his taking the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. A half century of scientific labor was done, and all Germany was to unite to do it honor. And when they celebrate the old man in prose or verse, it is chiefly that he was a genial, warm-hearted man, in whom learning had found human expression. It is his zeal for the good and great, the glow of a pure enthusiasm, which they make much of.

On the 17th of June, his seventy-fourth birthday, — preceded the day before by that of his wife, which they had kept together, hedged round with children, in deep, serene festivity which the world had no part in, now two and forty years since he had joined hands with her whose glad smile made gladder the last earthly success, — there came to speak for the Gymnasium of St. Stephen at Augsburg the Abbot and Rector. In the afternoon the secretaries of the three classes of the Royal Academy of Sciences came to offer to him, their President, in the name of all the Academicians, a splendid parchment document containing an address in excellent Latin. Then followed, with an address, the deputation of the Ludwig-Maximilian University, the Rector Magnificus, and the Prorector, the noble Professor Lassaulx, — the latter with the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael from the king, and with his own little treatise (it is a curious German custom) touching "The Prophetic Power of the Human Soul in Poets and Thinkers." "You enjoy the singular happiness," says the address, "of witnessing the return of that day, when, fifty years ago, you received your Doctor's degree from the hands of Christian Gottlob Heyne, that genuine *humanist* in the noblest sense of the word, — purified and steeled in the bitterest struggles of life, — not less remarkable for his deep piety

and moral purity than for his disinterested patriotism, his warm-heartedness, his lively perception of the beautiful, his wonderful powers of labor, his all-embracing learning. You have witnessed the bitter humiliation of Germany when it bowed to another race, and you have seen her princes and people lift themselves up at last and grow strong; and you have shared in all the hopes and doubts of the succeeding years. Yours has been the happiness, also, to share in the struggle and victory of that Greek people, whose ancestors were the first to lift aloft the banner of civil and intellectual freedom in Europe. Three successive kings of the house of the Wittelbachs have honored your services, which are recognized also wherever European culture reaches. Following generations, too, shall know your name and work. And may the Giver of all good grant you many returns of this happy day."

In behalf of the municipality of Munich, the Bürgermeister, Steindorf, presented him an address, in which they recognize how, in great part, their city owes its renown as the nursery of the sciences to him. In the evening there is a great torch-light procession of the societies, into which the students of Bavaria in the University at Munich divide themselves as Franks, Isars, Swabians, and Palatinates. Thiersch's house is garlanded with flowers, from the doorway to the entrance of his library-chamber on the second story, and the hall is decorated with a cartoon by his son Ludwig, already a distinguished artist, representing him in the midst of Greek and German youth as their teacher, with Pallas Athene holding the laurel-wreath over his head. The old man speaks warmly to them all, remembering the earlier time, while he points to the future, and their loud hurrah echoes through the silent streets. All this was but the preliminary celebration (*Vorfeier*).

It was a brilliant jubilee, and very simple and beautiful, and characteristic of the land which above all others prizes learning and will honor it thus,—not stormily with gunpowder and the ringing of bells, but quietly, in a poetic way, remembering how the crown of oak-leaves is above all other crowns. All classes united in the festal service. The Greek Minister of State, Rangabé, by order of the king, sent him from Ath-

ens the Greek Cross of the Order of the Redeemer with the star, and the King of the Belgians made him an officer in the Leopold-Order. On the morning of the 18th they greeted him with music, earnest and solemn, and then followed visit upon visit. A society of students, known as the Round Table, led the way with a Latin ode and a German festal song in golden letters, richly bound. Then came Döderlein, his oldest pupil, from Erlangen, with the congratulatory writing of the University, the only Protestant one in Bavaria, and Professor Roth with the greeting of Tübingen, the University of Würtemberg, and the members of the Philological Seminary of Munich. The three associate-presidents, together with the rectors of the Gymnasiums in Munich, present a splendid parchment document containing about two hundred signatures of members, from 1810 to 1857, to an address of thanks, and Professor Spengel makes a little speech, in which he sets forth the services of the master to the schools and to the Fatherland. The Greeks studying in Germany, in Munich, Berlin, Halle, and elsewhere, send him a Pindaric festal hymn, by Demetrios Bernadakis, in six strophes. Then came the minister of the state charged with the care of the churches and schools, in company with other magnates. The hospitable house is full on this day of friends, and they bring forth a great gilded drinking-cup, with a Greek line of Panyasis on it, and sixty flasks of the noblest Rhine wine, — Hochheimer of the vintage of 1846, — which had lain hid among ivy and grape-leaves in the room appropriated to the purpose, where the inscription "*Sapere aude*" challenges them to mirth. Many presents pour in from relations and friends; one of them to be especially commemorated, — the bust of Thiersch executed by Leonidas Dorsch, — to be put into the hall of the great library, the second in the world. The Academy of Sciences at Berlin, of which he had been corresponding member since 1825, send him a richly ornamented diploma, by which he is made a foreign member, signed by that scholar of equal fame, August Boeckh, whose half-century jubilee Germany had worthily kept on the 15th of March the year before. This document recalled, with simple words, how the restless activity of his life grew out of enthusiasm for the noble and the

beautiful and the good ; and how, upon that remoulding of the world of knowledge which the last half-century had witnessed, especially in their own land, he had shed much light ; and how, with rare taste and unwearied searching, he had illustrated the various branches of classical philology, criticism and interpretation of the sources of ancient learning, and the history of art and culture ; and how, too, remembering what he had done to lift up from the dust of centuries the original seat of European civilization, Germany and Hellas owe him the noblest civil crown.

The University of Georgia Augusta, at Göttingen, renewing his philosophical diploma, hail him as *Præceptor Germaniæ*, — proud title in that land of learning. The University of Frederic William, at Bonn, those of Breslau and Heidelberg and Leipzig, present addresses. The University of Tübingen recalls how he explored the site of Delphi, and searched for the meaning of the Erectheum on the Acropolis at Athens ; and how, after Boeckh, he deserved most the gratitude of the lovers of Pindar ; and how to his earlier effort, his “ Specimen of an Edition of the Banquet of Plato ” (1808), there was united, thirty years afterward, that critical inquiry into the dramatic nature of the Platonic Dialogues. Jena and Halle greet him in unexceptionable Latin, and Basel, speaking for Switzerland, bears witness to his unceasing effort to free the system of instruction from ancient prejudice and accumulated abuse. While the philologers of Marburg are content with their own tongue, there come from Innsbruck, the beautiful Queen of the Tyrol, congratulations in the Greek. The Silesian teachers also appear with congratulations ; and last, but not least prized, is the greeting of the University of Athens, recounting his service to their young freedom and their ancient city. The Gymnasiums of Bavaria everywhere hail him as the great teacher, and tender their little gifts. And you may recognize the poetic simplicity of the German character in the custom. Anspach, for instance, sends “ Latin Remarks upon disputed Passages of Horace ; ” the Protestant Gymnasium of St. Anna, at Augsburg, the fourth part of the “ *Memoria Hieronymi Wolfii*, ” in course of publication by its Rector, Mezger ; that of Bayreuth, opposite which in the

quiet old town of his choice is the statue of Jean Paul and the house in which he lived and died, "Remarks upon the Electra of Sophocles." Dillingen offers the "Bridal Songs of Catullus critically dealt with;" Erlangen, two refreshing little treatises, one on the Homeric particle γάρ, and the other on the *perinde quasi* and the *proinde quasi* of Cicero; and Hof and Nürnberg, Schweinfurth and Würzburg, send Latin odes in Alcaic or Sapphic metres. Landshut presents a eulogy upon Theodoric the Great, king of the East-Goths; Kempten and Munich send Latin treatises; and, in the name of all its Gymnasiums and Latin schools, there comes from the Palatinate an address of love and gratitude, with a poem in fifteen strophes of eight lines each, a fresh, living picture, full of sense withal, of what Thiersch did for the schools of his country. The Gymnasiums of Schulpforte and Göttingen send printed addresses. Letters from philologists and teachers and dignitaries of his own and other lands, and books and manuscripts from every quarter, pour in upon him. The mention of them, if we had space to catalogue them, would well illustrate the tendency and the striving of this earnest German people, and indicate some of the results which already they begin to reap in this fruitful field of ancient learning, which is not ancient any more to them, but living and full of present importance, the beauty of the old thus passing into the promise of the new time.

On the next day a banquet was given in his honor at the hotel called the "Bayerischer Hof," at which at least one hundred and fifty persons, chiefly notabilities we are told, sat down. After they had duly toasted the king, Döderlein—"eloquentissimus Eloquentiæ magister"—made a famous speech. "A learned, lively school-boy was our brother Thiersch once," he says, "and the youthful freshness remains with him still, and he is serious and playful, now as then,—indefatigable in doing the noble and beautiful thing." To which flattering oration the kind old man replies modestly. In the midst of the feasting, the king, who was absent from the city, telegraphs his greeting, and they read festal poems at the close, and his pupils, young and old, get round "Father Thiersch," and one of them addresses him in ele-

gant Latin, to which he replies, in fit words, in the ancient tongue.

Shortly after this happy jubilee his powers began gradually to fail, and the scholars and friends gathered round the Patriarch grew sad as they watched the fading of that Hellenic clearness of mind which had been their joy hitherto. With slower and slower steps, the tall form was seen moving on sunny days through the pleasant new streets of Munich, which had grown up with him, and of which he was one of the earliest living ornaments. In December of the following year he retired from the chair of President of the Academy of Sciences in Munich, and was succeeded by the illustrious Liebig.

The life of the noble, lovable old man, glowing with a great enthusiasm for the beautiful and the good, is ended and complete now. And as they look at it as a whole, and recall his clearness of mind, his moderation and gentleness even in controversy, the head and the heart working together in beautiful union, they say of it that it was blessed of God. And again the students light their torches, and walk in solemn, sad procession, and pause reverently while one of their number recalls fitly the memory of the departed, and stirs them with manly words, at the grave here of their teacher and friend, to cling to their German faith and courage and vigor and strength, that the present may give practical token of their remembrance of the past, and dream how the ashes of their good great men shall rest in one united Fatherland at last. So he died, "hochbetagt und hochgeehrt von Fürst und Vaterland."

Passing through Munich in the spring of 1860, we went into the library of Professor Thiersch. The sunlight falling gently upon the busts and the books failed to make the silence cheerful, for the library was for sale. It is a sad thing for Germany, said Liebig, that we cannot keep it; but such is the political insecurity of the German states, that even the small outlay for a collection of books like this is begrudged. It was the earnest wish of Thiersch that it might be kept together,—for upon this its value chiefly depends, of course,—either in Germany, or better beyond the seas. It was our hope that it might find permanent resting-place in the Boston

Athenæum; but we find it announced in the "Allgemeine Zeitung" for November 1, 1860, that it has been bought for the University of Otho, in Athens.

The resolve of the Senate of Greece was unanimous; a beautiful act of gratitude, it is added, towards one who had served them so well in their hour of trial. A bookseller from Stuttgart, to whom it had been promised, loyally waived his right to take it; and so for 10,000 drachmas, or, roughly, about \$4,000, it passed to Athens. And the scholars of all lands, when they go up thither to the beautiful city of the old, the fair fresh blossom of the new civilization, will remember, as they use the books, how the great Philhellene loved, with his whole heart and wisely, the land, the art, and the speech which they too love and honor, as finding in them benignant culture for mankind forever.

ART. III.—THE CAUSE OF REASON THE CAUSE OF FAITH.

1. BUNSEN'S *Bibelwerk*. Zweite Abtheilung. *Bibelurkunden*. Neunter Halbband. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1860.
2. BUNSEN'S *Bibelwerk*. Erste Abtheilung. *Die Bibel*. Vierter Halbband. Leipzig. 1860.

THE illustrious author of this noble work, whose numbers, as they appeared from time to time, have been duly noticed in our pages, has not been spared to accomplish his task,—the task to which he had devoted so many years of preparatory labor, which was to be the masterpiece and crowning satisfaction of his life. The second* of the numbers above named, comprising the German version of Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the twelve Minor Prophets, was the last which his own hands put to the press. Its appearance, indeed, was subsequent to his own disappearance from this scene of his labors. He departed this life on the 28th of November last, in triumph and in joy,

* The numbers have been issued in irregular succession; the ninth and tenth half-volumes preceded the fourth.

his abounding faith and love gushing forth in prayers and benedictions and confessions, uttered promiscuously in German, French, English, Latin, as the moment prompted one or the other tongue. After blessing his children and his wife, in whom, he said, he had loved the Eternal,* he prayed fervently for his native land, for England and France, for God's blessing on the new-born liberties of Italy, for the regeneration of the world. He declared that the richest experience of his life had been "the knowledge of Christ." "I am now," he said, "in the kingdom of God, of which hitherto I have had but a foretaste." "I die in peace and charity with all mankind."

We are glad to learn, as we do from a notice of F. A. Brockhaus, the publisher, which accompanies this number, that the author's death will not interrupt the progress of the work,—that other hands will conduct it in the same spirit, using, so far as it reaches, his posthumous manuscript, now ready for the press, and where that fails working up the materials accumulated by him in conformity with his design. Meanwhile the Christian world loses in Bunsen the ablest, most intelligent, and most devoted champion, in our time, of liberal, evangelical religion. Faith as fervent, as enthusiastic devotion, equal learning, survive elsewhere; but the union of these in one individual, the auspicious conjunction of heart and brain, the rare harmony of intellectual and spiritual gifts, which made the distinguishing glory of that benign luminary,—where, since he has set, in the Old World or the New, shall these be found? Germany, fruitful of scholars, has produced no greater than Bunsen. And yet the scholar was in him but the servant of a higher function. He sought in learning something more than learning and better than fame. A scholar truly, but also a believer; an intellect imbued with the purest spirit of the Gospel; a genius subsidized by the Holy Ghost. With a faith too robust to fear exposure to the keenest air of transcendental speculation, with a creed too clear and simple to shun the intensest light of scientific investigation, he hastened to lay the fruits of his researches, his speculation, and

* "In dir liebte ich das Ewige."

his science, at the feet of the *Gemeinde*.* “The expounder of the Bible who understands his problem,” — he says in the preface to the Second Division of the *Bibelwerk*,† — “can only then hope to contribute effectually to its solution when . . . he looks upon learning and philosophy, not as ends, but as aids to the service of the Congregation and his own inner peace.”

The grand aim of Bunsen's life may be stated, in one word, to be the reconciliation of reason and religion, — the doing away of what he called “the impious wall of partition” between them.‡ He saw in the revelations of the Bible the *Semitic* expression of those truths of which a true philosophy, or revelation in the individual, is the *Japhetic* equivalent. What the Bible puts absolutely and authoritatively in concrete form, reason translates into philosophic conceptions and reproduces in philosophic statements. “Japhet's treasure is contained in Shem's safe. Shem's elect son conquered it for himself and humanity, with earnest and humble conflict of the spirit, and with all manner of sacrifices. But the key to the treasure belongs to Japhet the glorious, who dwells in Shem's tents. The Bible is the act of Abraham's and Israel's children; but the Græco-Roman and the Germano-Romanic mind it is which has found out the world-historical sense of the Bible, and which gives it a continuing historical validity, not only by its universal dominion, but by the force of its thought, by the depth of its research, and the reach of its intellectual life. That key is twofold, — a key to the narratives and a key to the thoughts of the Bible. . . . Japhet holds in his hand both keys, — the science of history and of conscious thought.”§ This view of the Word accords with the teaching of St. Paul, and suggests a pertinent commentary on the tenth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. This was the view or the spirit of most of the eminent teachers of the Church in all periods of its history. It was in this spirit that Justin Martyr affirmed

* We have no English term which exactly replaces this favorite one of Bunsen. “Congregation” comes nearest to it. “Church” is too technical, “community” too secular.

† *Neunter Halbband, Vorwort, p. 9.*

‡ “Die gottlose Scheidewand zwischen Vernunft und Religion.”

§ *Vorwort zu den Bibelurkunden.*

that the Word spoke through Socrates and other Gentile sages, whom he therefore ranks as Christian. It was in this spirit that Clement the Alexandrian maintained that God was manifest in the history of the Gentiles no less than in that of the Jews, — that Tertullian appealed to the “testimony of the soul,” which *divines*, he says, what is *divine*, — that Maximus, in the seventh century, propounded in his doctrine of redemption a theory of mediation between the natural and the supernatural, — that John Scotus, in the ninth century, characterized religion as “philosophy in the form of tradition.”

Bunsen, according to this view, was a rationalist in the true and legitimate sense of that much-abused word. A rationalist, not as impugning Revelation, but as honestly endeavoring to grasp and appropriate its contents. A rationalist in the sense in which most of the fathers of the Church may be so designated, — in which Christianity itself may be said to rationalize antecedent religions.

It is of rationalism in this sense — the rationalism expressed in the title of this article — that we now propose to speak. What we have to say on this topic connects itself naturally and opportunely with the honored name and recent demise of the great Prussian, who, of all the writers of this generation, most ably represents the rights of reason in religion, — the last of a line of witnesses extending through all the ages of Christian history, and dating with the first beginnings of the Church.

The earliest controversy in the Christian Church, though concerning a matter of purely practical import, involved a theory of the rights of reason which marked the new era then dawning on the world. It was virtually a conflict of reason with authority, — a revolt of the emancipated intellect against ecclesiastical rule. Antioch, representative of rationalism and liberty, was arrayed against Jerusalem, jealous custodian of old tradition. The remarkable thing in this controversy is, that the rationalistic side was the side of faith. Although, in relation to Judaism and Jewish Christianity, the rationalism of Paul and his party assumed a negative and destructive character, its real import was divinely positive. Opposition to authority was only deeper fidelity to Christ.

The cause of reason was, in this case, the cause of faith, and the term "Faith" became the technical designation of rationalistic, or Pauline, as distinguished from Jewish Christianity.

In many of the later controversies of the Church, and especially in those of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, we note the same coalition of reason with faith in the war against authority. The men of faith were the infidels of the Church. Such were Abelard and Arnold of Brescia, Henry of Cluny, and Gerhard of Parma.

And the great controversy of all, the central controversy of modern history,—that which severed the German churches from the Latin,—exhibits pre-eminently this relation and antagonism of faith and reason with authority. Luther, the arch-rationalist of the old Church, is the hero and type of faith to all succeeding generations of the new. In every clear conflict between reason and authority, the genius of Christianity inclines to the rational side. The cause of reason is ever the cause of faith.

Yet no delusion is more current than that which identifies faith with implicit submission to ecclesiastical authority, and confounds rationalism with unbelief.

The Liberal Church in this country, while practically basing itself on the Protestant ground of the rights of reason, in its abnegation of irrational dogma, has never, as it seems to us, duly appreciated, or even theoretically acknowledged, that position,—has never heartily accepted the legitimate construction of that position, and its obvious consequences. The term Rationalism, which truly expresses that position, is, with Liberal Christians as well as with the exclusive sects, a term of reproach, conveying an idea of some impious and unholy license. In the mind of the liberal as well as of the exclusive bodies, faith is associated only with authority, and dissociated from reason. Rationalism is regarded as in principle unbelief, in practice sacrilege. This abuse of the term, and consequent disgust to the thing, is partly due to the old association of the word with a class of theologians now extinct, and whose methods and conclusions rational criticism itself disavows. But the misapplication of a principle does not invalidate the principle itself, nor ought the mistakes of a Paulus

or a Strauss to discourage the application of reason to religion. Rationalism means that and nothing more. Reason may err in some of its conclusions; but reason is none the less the supreme arbiter in theology. Its errors can be consistently refuted by Protestants only on rationalistic grounds. Only the Romanist can with consistency speak of rationalism in the way of reproach. Protestantism assumes the application of reason to religion as the basis of its ecclesiastical life. Whoever calls that principle in question, whoever finds or intends reproach in the word Rationalism, abandons the Protestant ground, and confesses himself in spirit and temper a Romanist. Whoever allows that principle at all, and allows it in himself, must allow it in others and allow it without stint, while even rejecting the conclusions of those who adopt it. Reason or Rome, — there is no middle ground.

If the Protestant principle is false, then the Church of Rome is infallibly true in all its policy and all its doctrine, and we are all heretics and doomed who are out of that communion, having the understanding irremediably darkened, forever alienated from the life of God through the blindness of our hearts. If, on the other hand, the Protestant principle is true, — if we believe in it and profess it, — then in Christ's name let us stand by it manfully, and follow it boldly, and confide in it frankly, and not be scared by a name, nor wish to scare others. When a fellow-Protestant advances opinions which seem to us false, irreligious, dangerous, let us try those opinions by their own merits or demerits, and judge them by their own evidence or want of evidence, and not assail them with the anile cry of Rationalism, as if that trait were itself a sufficient condemnation, whereas in fact it is their only title to be so much as criticised. As Protestants, we are all rationalists in the fundamental principle of our ecclesiastical position; we may repudiate this or that rationalistic conclusion, but we may not repudiate, or repudiating cannot escape, the principle itself. If rationalism be a sin, that sin have we incurred, and are now

“ Stepped in so far that, should we wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.”

There is nothing for it but to hold on, if we admit the princi-

ple at all, to stand by it manfully, to acquiesce in all its legitimate applications, to let full daylight in on our beliefs, to follow trustingly where reason leads, to accept the results of competent, honest criticism, and whatever unbiassed and conscientious investigation shall approve. We must seek some other term to express that negative position and tendency in religion which piety deploras. If criticism in any case exhibits an unmistakable spirit of hostility to religion, call it irreligion, infidelity, — give it some name expressive of that hostility, and not one which so used casts reproach on criticism and reason itself.

Protestantism is, historically and theoretically, a contest of reason against ecclesiastical authority. In prosecuting this contest, the Reformation summoned to its aid another authority by which to offset the authority of Rome, — the Bible. The consequence was, that the Bible came in the Protestant world to occupy the place which the Church had occupied in the Roman Catholic. Not only authority, but infallibility, was claimed for it, — an infallibility extending to every jot and tittle of the text. An infallible book replaced the infallible Church. The letter of Scripture was now the immediate voice of God, and must countervail the clearest perceptions of reason and the strongest testimony of the heart. A more developed and instructed Protestantism perceives the monstrosity of this assumption, and steadfastly protests, and will continue to protest, against it. We call it an assumption because it is wholly destitute of either external or internal evidence; and, in spite of the rooted impression of most Protestant communions, and hard as the assertion may sound, we have no hesitation in saying that this assumption of the infallibility of Scripture in every topic and word of its contents is more indefensible and wide of the truth than that of the infallibility of the Church of Rome, or the claim of her primate to be the vicegerent of Christ on earth. Authority is not infallibility; neither is inspiration infallibility. The authority of Scripture is incomplete without the assent of reason; and in things doubtful and insusceptible of demonstration, authority can mean nothing more than the strong presumption in favor of a view or a fact from the providential position and inspira-

tion of the writer. For, not to insist on the previous question, whether in the nature of things a writing can be, not only a permanent depositary, but a lasting and everlasting and exact exponent of the truth, our evidence that any particular writing is from God can never be stronger than the evidence of reason for or against the matter contained in it.

This momentous principle — the very kernel of Protestantism — was clearly seen and distinctly stated by Locke. "Revelation," he says, "where God has been pleased to give it, must carry it against the probable conjectures of reason. But yet it still belongs to reason to judge of the truth of its being a revelation, and of the signification of the words wherein it is delivered. Indeed, if anything shall be thought revelation which is contrary to the plain principles of reason and the evident knowledge the mind has of its own clear and distinct ideas, there reason must be hearkened to as to a matter within its province, since a man can never have so certain a knowledge that a proposition which contradicts the clear principles and evidence of his own knowledge was divinely revealed, or that he understands the words rightly, as he has that the contrary is true, and so is bound to consider and judge of it as a matter of reason, and not to swallow it without examination as a matter of faith." * And again, "Faith can never convince us of anything that contradicts our knowledge." Locke did not apply this proposition to the Bible; the revelations he had in his mind were pretended revelations claimed by enthusiasts independent of the Church. In those days, when criticism was yet in its infancy, and discrepancies undetected which are now familiar, the Bible was either received as a whole or rejected as a whole, and Locke was of those who received it. But the application of this great principle to Scripture is obvious, and the bibliolatry which refuses so to apply it — which refuses to discriminate between different degrees of authority and authenticity, between genuine and spurious, between poetry and history — is not of the nature of faith, but of fetichism.

This sluggish acquiescence in something external, this slavish

* Essay on Human Understanding, Book IV. ch. 18.

reliance on a letter, an institution, on the "says so" of an individual, is precisely the state of mind to which the name and credit of faith are commonly assigned. This is the kind of faith which the Church of Rome demands and fosters. The entire surrender of the understanding to a symbol, of the will to a priest, is the highest virtue in that communion. The noblest saint in the feminine calendar, the holy and beautiful Elizabeth of Thüringen, though clothed with every virtue which could merit a seat among the saints in any age or Church, was chiefly lauded by her judges for unqualified submission to her confessor, even to the extent of renouncing, at his dictation, her works of love. Her only weakness was esteemed her supreme merit. An intelligent female convert to Romanism in our own land was asked how her disciplined mind could reconcile itself with certain dogmas of her new confession? The answer was: "I do not exercise my mind upon them; I *suspend my reason* on all questions on which the Church has pronounced its decision." Romanizing Christians may see in this suspense of the reason the crowning triumph of consummate faith. We can see in it only the dying confession of faith *in articulo mortis*, the religion of despair, — despair of the inner light, despair of Divine guidance and the Holy Ghost. Such confessions throw a ghastly light on the true nature of such conversions, — on all conversions from the light of reason and rational faith to obsolete dogma and ancient night. Suspense of reason! the history of Christendom for twelve centuries is expressed by that phrase. "And the times of that ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." Whatever merit blind acquiescence in blind authority might once have had, it has none now, and will find no longer a conniving God in the providential eclipse of the Gospel. The light is there; if any prefer the darkness to the light, the darkness they have chosen is their doom. "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again, seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh and put him to an open shame."

It is not a healthy and robust faith that seeks refuge in authority, and flies for shelter to an antiquated creed. In the beginning of the Anglican Tractarian movement, one of its leaders complained that the "Church had too much light." Following this hint, the more consistent Tractarians turned their backs on such light as they had, and, retreating beneath the shadow of the Church of Rome, escaped the annoyance altogether. It is the only safe course for men who do not wish to see what they believe. Let the blind follow the blind into congenial darkness, and let the seeing gratefully accept the light. It is not complete illumination as yet, it is not co-extensive with all our belief. There are many dark passages in life and religion where we must walk by faith, not by sight. We must walk by faith in a vast number of cases, whatever church we walk in, and though we walk in no church at all. Man is a poor creature if he does not believe a great deal more than he sees. Nevertheless, we will walk by sight, even in religion, where we have sight to walk by. We will not shut our eyes for the mere pleasure of groping in the dark. We will thankfully accept the light we have, and strive for more.

And is there then no infallible authority in religion? You take from us first the infallible Church, and now the infallible Book. To what oracle then shall we flee for safe conduct in the controverted questions of theology,—for safe deliverance from the agonies of doubt and the endless mazes of the mind? To the question, What is Truth?—the supreme question of the soul, on which hang the issues of everlasting life,—is there no expressed and unmistakable answer of God, on which the soul may repose with the certainty of infallible truth, and there end the bewildering quest? No infallible oracle out of the breast. The oracle within, the answer of the Holy Ghost which the listening, waiting soul receives in the innermost recesses of her own consciousness, is for each individual the high tribunal of last appeal. However desirable it may seem that infallible guidance from without should have been vouchsafed to our perplexity, however we may covet it and sigh for it, it has not been so ordained. We have not been so constituted as to see infallibly or to act infallibly. And perhaps, if we duly consider the uses of the world and the needs of

the soul, we shall cease to think it desirable, shall see it to be incompatible with moral discipline and moral growth. For what, after all, would be the difference between infallible guidance and mechanical guidance? The theory of infallibility is at variance with all the known methods of Divine Providence. God does not act on the mind mechanically, but morally. He does not compel belief by absolute certitude, but persuades belief by fair probability; the individual mind, with its idiosyncrasies, being one of the factors by which that probability is constituted. It is very essential to our growth, as individuals and as society, that we should not have certainty, — that faith should be elective, and not the inevitable result of evidence acting with mechanical compulsion on the mind. It is the liability to error and the experience of error that make us human, that furnish to human nature the topics of discipline and the means of growth. The better part of truth is the search after truth. Lessing was right in his preference when he said, "If God should offer me the absolute truth in the right hand, and the love and pursuit of truth in the left, I should choose the left." The absolute is not for man.

The cause of reason is the cause of faith. In affirming this, we but reaffirm what the wisest and devoutest of the Church have always maintained. But indeed the proposition is a necessary inference from the nature of man; it lies in the very constitution of the human mind. Reason and faith have one interest, — Truth. They differ only in their mode of apprehension. Reason has the clearer discernment, faith the stronger hold. Faith has the ampler discourse, reason the more accurate survey. Faith, conversant with matters beyond the scope of reason, "is the evidence of things not seen." But reason, so far as it reaches, is sight. Reason, therefore, so far as it reaches, is the necessary corrective of faith. Faith is determined by accidental causes; it has no necessary relation to the truth. A strong persuasion, but no objective certitude. It embraces error as well as truth, and embraces it with equal affection. But reason, in its proper nature, is identical with the actual truth of things, that is, their relation in the mind of God; and human reason, on any intelligible theory of God's government, must be a continual approximation to

absolute truth. The faith of the Brahmin in the ten incarnations of Vishnu, or that of the Catholic in the Transubstantiation of the "elements," or the Tripersonality, is as strong as that of the Protestant Christian in the unity and providence of God. But the relation of reason to these different dogmas is very different. The former demand a suspense of reason; the latter, if not an original perception of reason, is at least an invitation to reason to follow and find.

An original perception of reason it is not. Nor are any of the primary and fundamental truths of religion original perceptions of the mind. And here let us say, that, in advocating the cause of reason in religion, we are far from maintaining the sufficiency of reason as a substitute for faith in spiritual things. On the contrary, it is our belief that reason in its own original capacity and function has no knowledge of spiritual truth, not even of the first and fundamental truth of religion, the being of God. Natural theology supposes that this and kindred truths are reasoned out, or may be reasoned out, by a process of induction, in the same way that the truths of astronomy were reasoned out by Kepler and Newton and Laplace; that the being of God is as much an inference from the facts and processes of nature, as the earth's motion is an inference from the oscillations of the pendulum and the changes in the sky; that the inference is inevitable, and would have been reached by competent logicians without the light of revelation and without *the idea of God pre-existing in the mind*. We do not believe in any such induction. We deny the logical sequence in that argument. We deny the logical soundness of that conclusion. We deny the ability of the human intellect to construct that ladder, whose foot being grounded in irrefragable axiom, and its steps all laid in dialectic continuity, the topmost round thereof shall lift the climbing intellect into vision of the Godhead. Between the last truth which the human intellect can reach by legitimate induction and the being of God there will ever lie

"Deserts of vast eternity."

Not by that process did any soul yet arrive at that transcendent truth; not from beneath, but from above,—not by intellect-

ual escalade, but by heavenly condescension, — comes the idea of God, even by the condescending Word, “of the Eternal co-eternal beam,” the fountain of all our ideas of spiritual things, the well from which reason draws, but not to be confounded with it. What is true of the being of God, is true of all kindred verities. All our perceptions of the primary truths of religion are products of divine illumination. All religion that is true is revealed religion. But revelation is education, — education of the reason as well as of the heart. What reason in its own original capacity could not discover, it may come by divine education to apprehend, and even, in a negative way, to substantiate, by removing objections and showing the absurdity of a contrary supposition. The office of reason in religion is not discovery, but verification and purification. Its function is to make and keep religion true and pure, by eliminating from the code of elemental beliefs the human additions and corruptions that have gathered around it. This faith cannot do; faith can only embrace, not discriminate, and for want of discrimination may soon degenerate and turn to monstrous superstition, as in all historical dispensations of religion it has done. Faith is no critic. In its own nature and proper function it chooses nothing and refuses nothing. Impartial and impolitic, it befriends itself with every enormity of the human mind. Nothing is too absurd for it, — nothing too hateful or too cruel. The wildest idolatries, the most brutal fetichism, the direst self-torture, the most ferocious persecution, Phœnician lust-offerings, Aztec blood-offerings, Egyptian magic, Hindu suttees and gymnosophism, Christian inquisitions and immolations, demonology and witchcraft, — these things are as natural to faith as belief in the Holy Ghost, and but for the veto of educated reason as near to it now and here as in any land or time. It lies in all of us so to believe and so to act; thanks to our rationalism, we think and act otherwise.

We say, then, that the cause of reason is the cause of faith, because the corrective of faith. Each is the other's complement. Reason requires the nutriment and impulse furnished by faith. Faith requires the discreet elaboration of reason. The one has the substance, the other the form. Reason alone

would give us a world without a God, bodies without spirits, earth without heaven, a day without a morrow, a way without a goal. Faith alone would give us a pantheon of questionable divinities, a pandemonium of unquestionable fiends, an overshadowing theocracy for civil rule, a dispensation of dark ages without end.

From the genius of the Gospel no less than the constitution of the human mind we infer the right of reason in religion. Christianity is professedly a revelation of reason. The first systematic statement of it by a competent witness affirms this, and justifies rationalism in one word. And that word is the Word, — in the original tongue a synonyme for Reason. "In the beginning was the Word (or Reason), and God was the Word," and in Christ was the Word "made flesh." The eternal Reason revealed in the human; not different from the human in kind, for it comes to "his own," and is "the light that lighteth all who come into the world." St. Paul, though disclaiming, as "carnal wisdom" and "the wisdom of this world," the philosophic prepossessions of his time, is himself the subtlest of reasoners, — an inveterate rationalist, never more thoroughly in his element than when arguing the claims of Christianity on psychological grounds, or boldly rationalizing the Old Testament to rebut the scruples of his countrymen. The authorities at Jerusalem — Bishop James and Peter and the rest — stood aghast, and no wonder, at this "terrible child" of their communion; they spoke doubtfully of "our beloved brother Paul" and the "hard things" in his Epistles; they could not quote him without a caution; but who at this day doubts that Paul's idea was nearer the mind of Christ than the views of his Judaizing critics. Providence adopted it; it carried the age; Jewish Christianity decreased, Liberal Christianity increased — and will increase.

The history of a religion, like that of a nation or an individual, is its verdict, the test of its proper quality, a revelation of its innermost idea, a public confession of the meaning which lay in its germ and constitution. Try Christianity by this test; compare it with the elder religions, or its younger sister, Islam. What is the characteristic fruit of Christian

history? One is humanity; another, equally generic, is rationalism. Not intellectual life as such, for Hinduism has developed that, and developed it more abundantly; but that form of intellectual life in which reason is the dominant element, — the application of reason to nature and society, to art and literature and life. For proofs of this assertion we have but to look around us. This Protestant Christendom, with its schools and its arts, its traffic and its liberties, comprising whatever is progressive and humane in the present, and containing — who can doubt it? — the future of humanity, the moral destinies of this planet, — this embodied, practical, beneficent rationalism we claim as the genuine fruit of the Gospel, — humanity's late but how significant answer to the condescending Word for whose communication in old Judæa the heavens were opened.

The prominent feature of Christian civilization is science, that new estate of the social realm which never before since the world began attained the consequence and moment it now has in the scale of the forces that govern society. Science is sometimes found in opposition to the Church, which accordingly rages against it, — the old with bull and ban, the new with the cry of infidelity, and both with the same result. As we view it, the denial of God's light and truth in human reason implies a far deeper infidelity than any questioning of the truth of a letter.

It is a losing contest which theology wages against reason and fact. In striking at science the Church but dashes her ineffectual arm against the thick bosses of the Almighty's shield. For what is science? It is simply the truth of things, i. e. the truth of God, and as surely a revelation of God as the Gospel, — a revelation to reason of things mundane, as the Gospel is a revelation to faith of things supermundane. The two revelations from one God can never really conflict. Whatever of seeming conflict there may be is the fault of the Church, which vainly opposes tradition to demonstration, and confounds the Gospel with the Bible, which is only a witness of the Gospel. If the demonstrated facts of science shall be found to contradict the text, the text must give way, and no harm is done to religion except in the fond conceit which

identifies the cause of Christianity with the infallibility of a letter, and stakes that cause on that infallibility.

Moreover, in contending against science, the Church denies and rejects her own. For science, after all, is the offspring of the Church. Born in monkish cells, the foundling of religious houses vowed to Christ and the saints, nursed by cowed friars, cradled among crucifixes and breviaries, with men like Raymond Lully and Roger Bacon and Albert the Great for its sponsors, the child was baptized with the Holy Ghost, and though in her maturity electing another path than that anticipated by her spiritual fathers, though adopting lay methods and associations, she has never belied the Divine anointing nor betrayed her sacred trust. For science, too, is a minister of God,—an evangelist whose mission is to “show us the Father” and regenerate the world. With no conscious God, in her perceptions, she yet refreshes and expands the idea of God by new revelations of the heights and deeps and infinite riches of the wondrous All. With no moral sensibility of her own, she yet deepens the sense of obligation in man, and solemnizes human life by showing how most exact is nature’s frame in which that life is set, where the severe and geometrizing God suffers no transgression and no defect that is not compensated by its just equivalent,—where every law is self-executing, and the wildest excesses—the meteor’s path, the earthquake’s brief spasm, the comet’s long but measured furlough—are all minutely prescribed and timed. With no human sympathy in those eyes that look creation through, she yet strengthens the bonds of love by a wiser adjustment of human relations, by multiplying means of beneficence and extending opportunities of good. With no charity in her aim, she yet evangelizes the world by closer commerce of man with man, by furnishing wings to missionary zeal and implements to charity, by dissolving the rocky barriers of prescription, by developing the vast resources of nature for the comfort and relief of the suffering and the edification of human kind.

Does theology understand, does the Church suspect, what a reign this is which is now establishing its throne among us, and stretching its sceptre alike over priest and people? A veritable kingdom of God, because a kingdom of light and

truth. Who hath eyes to see, let him see how old things are passing away and all things are becoming new. Let the clergy lift up their eyes and welcome the prophet whom nature vouches, the fellow-laborer who also cometh in the name of the Lord. Let the Church make haste to acknowledge the credentials which bear the seal of sovereign and puissant fact, — the plenipotentiary of Him “who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters and walketh upon the wings of the wind.” And let the Church understand that she must either accommodate herself to the new dispensation, or else go down before it, as the temples of heathendom went down when the waters of Christian baptism prevailed on the earth.

Let there be no strife between theology and science ; there need be none. The Gospel of Christ and the gospel of science have essentially one mission. The methods differ, the end is the same. “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will toward men,” was the mission divinely proclaimed for the one, — to minister to “the glory of God and the relief of man’s estate” was the calling which England’s great Chancellor, its own high prophet, prescribed for the other.

If the cause of reason is the cause of faith, then it is also the cause of the Church, and then theology may not dispense with its aid in constructing the doctrinal fabrics in which the faith of the Church is to dwell. For want of the counsel and concurrence of reason in time past, theology hath builded her house in vain. Showy and imposing structures they were which housed the faith of the fathers, the Gothic style of theology, — those groined and carved and turreted systems of divinity, — but without internal coherence, having no sure principle of support in themselves, requiring stays and props from without, and needing constant repair. They resemble the material edifices, their counterparts, the churches of the Middle Age, — that much vaunted but unsubstantial Gothic architecture, as characterized by Michelet, and by him contrasted with the scientific building of Florentine art. “The Gothic architecture,” he says, “made great pretensions ; it was ostentatious of calculation and numbers. The sacred

number three, the mysterious number seven, were carefully reproduced, either in themselves or their multiples, in every part of these churches. Build by three and by seven, and your church will be solid." "But why," then, continues he, "this army of buttresses surrounding it, these enormous stays, this everlasting scaffolding which the mason seems to have forgotten to take away?" The very ornamentation conceals iron clamps which deoxidate continually, and have to be replaced. "A really robust edifice would cover and enclose its own supports, the guaranties of its perpetuity. But the Gothic, which leaves these essential members to chance, is constitutionally sickly, necessitating the maintenance of a population of doctors; for so I call those little hamlets of masons which I see established at the foot of these edifices, — the hereditary repairers of the fragile creation which is mended so constantly, piece by piece, that after two or three hundred years not a stone perhaps of the original structure remains."

Brunelleschi, "the sceptic, the denier of Gothic architecture," first Protestant in art, when intrusted with the completion of the cathedral at Florence, proceeded on a different plan. He went scientifically to work; he studied the strength of materials, the principles of form, the proportion of part to part, and so built the Maria del Fiore. "Without carpentry, without prop or buttress, without the succor of any exterior support, the colossal church rose simply, naturally, as a strong man rises in the morning from his bed, without staff or crutch; and with terror the people saw the hardy calculator place upon its head a ponderous marble hat, — the lantern. He laughed at their fears, assuring them that this new weight would only add to its solidity."

And thus, says the historian, "was laid the corner-stone of the new era, — the permanent protest against the halting art of the Middle Age, the first but triumphant essay of a serious structure self-sustained, being based on calculation and on the authority of reason. Art and reason reconciled, that is the new era, the marriage of the beautiful with the true. 'Where will you be buried?' they asked Michel Angelo, who himself had just completed St. Peter's at Rome. 'Where

I may forever contemplate the immortal work of Brunelleschi.' ”

What the *Duomo* at Florence, what a really scientific building is to a crumbling Gothic edifice, such is a rational theology to the rotten systems of the past. As that, in the language just quoted, is the marriage of the beautiful with the true, so this is the marriage of the holy with the true, — the marriage of Faith and Reason.

It will be understood that in arguing this cause, in contending for the faithful and fearless application of reason to religion, we are advocating a principle, not a particular view or result. We have wished to contribute something to do away the false association of rationalism with unbelief, as if the sole function of reason were to deny, and negation of existing beliefs its legitimate fruit. The rationalist is not necessarily one who rejects the miraculous element in the Gospel history, and denies the exceptionally divine in Christ. For our own part, we believe both, and claim to do so on rationalistic grounds. We claim to have reached these conclusions by no bias of authority or ecclesiastical tradition, but by rational criticism applied to the facts in the case. It may be a limitation in us to believe thus ; then it is a limitation of our faculty, and not an intentional limitation of the principle we are advocating. We demand an unlimited application of that principle ; and we firmly believe that the full and conscientious and persistent use of reason in religion will restore and confirm much that the partial use has discredited and disturbed. It is not, as we judge, the maturity and strength of reason that repudiates those truths, but its rawness and weakness, — its enslavement to negative experience, and inability to construe the arc of which the seemingly straight line of our experience constitutes so small a segment. That is not a pleasing view of Divine operations, or of human things, which supposes the Universe and Providence bound to an everlasting mechanical sequence of events ; it is not one which will permanently satisfy human reason. The virtual atheism of such a view no formal acknowledgment of a great First Cause can redeem. Reason demands, and true theism supposes, a present as well

as a former God, — a God co-ordinate with and exceeding creation, — a God untrammelled by custom, or what we call law, which is merely a human form of thought, and not an objective reality. This regular sequence of events, which seems so necessary, so absolute to our mundane experience, may be in the infinite consciousness of God a free and incalculable spontaneity. If miracles, as we believe, are not to be eliminated from the canon of historical facts, then science, we doubt not, will come to know them, and reason will rationalize them without impairing their miraculous character.

We are far from maintaining that Christianity must stand or fall with the belief in miracles; but we do maintain that Christian churches, as organized bodies of believers, must stand or fall with the Christian confession, — that is, the confession of Christ as divinely human Master and Head. Men of wit and spirit, earnest and able speakers, outside of that confession, will not want hearers, and may gather congregations around them which shall wait on their stated ministry. But such congregations, so far from being Christian churches, may even come to assume an attitude of open and avowed hostility to Christian doctrine and life. Things exist in this world by distinction one from another. Enlarge as you will the idea and scope of a church, there must be somewhere, whether stated or not in any formal symbol, a line which defines it, and separates those who are in it from those who are without. The scope of the Liberal Church is large; but everything and everybody cannot be embraced in it. The Christian confession is its boundary-line, within which alone it can do the work which Providence has given it to do. This boundary-line we have all along assumed. The distinction involved in the Christian confession is organic and vital; its abolition would be the dissolution of the ecclesiastical world and the end of Christendom.

One thing more. In pleading the cause of rationalism, we are supposing the use of reason in religion to be a conscientious use, and the critical investigation to be conducted in a spirit of Christian reverence and love. The most searching investigation, actuated by ill-will to the Christian cause, is no more secure of the truth than blind acquiescence or blind

infidelity. A negative and destructive spirit will find many things doubtful and many things false which a pious and affirmative spirit, exercising an equal measure of critical acumen, would approve and confirm. Criticism is not all negative, nor does Biblical criticism in Germany, as many suppose, pursue an arbitrary, wilful course, minded only to destroy, and never to rest till the last support be removed from the New Testament and every vestige of documentary evidence for the truth of the Gospel done away. On the contrary, destructive criticism, not arbitrary but scientific in its method and generally unbiassed in its motive, has already reached its limit. The work of negation—an honest and necessary work—has been accomplished. Little more, we conceive, remains to be discovered or propounded in that direction. Criticism has done its uttermost with the New Testament. What is now left standing is likely to stand. What the microscopic eye and remorseless knife of Strauss and Baur have spared, may be presumed invulnerable. And what is it that is thus secured to us? Enough in those Epistles of Paul, whose genuineness remains unquestioned, to establish the great facts of the doctrine of Christ and the Gospel story. Enough to substantiate, to fair and rational criticism, the crowning fact of the Resurrection. We do not say to demonstrate beyond doubt or cavil, but to make it reasonably certain to reasonable minds. In spite of all cavil and evasive interpretation, this fact must stand, and with it the miraculous Gospel,—a divine interpolation of the Spirit in the secular text of history.

Destructive criticism has done its work; henceforth we may expect that the work of criticism will be mainly constructive and restorative. Who can say how much may be accomplished in that line? Already signs of agreement are perceptible among competent critics of different schools. Some approximation has been made to settlement of controverted questions, that is, to certainty in Biblical theology. This agreement among theologians cannot fail to exercise a reconciling influence on Christian sects, and will tend to abolish the boundary-lines which now divide the Christian world. One need not despair of a Catholic Church in that sense in which alone

Catholicism is possible or desirable. We do not expect or desire complete uniformity of administration and rite, or even of doctrinal type. There must always be differences of administration, of worship, and of doctrine. Catholicism does not consist in uniformity of articles, but in unity of spirit, — not in a common exposition, but a common confession and mutual good-will. Where the catholic spirit is, there is the Catholic Church. We may hope for so much of that spirit as shall serve to secure a full recognition of the Christian name for all who honestly claim it, and a friendly co-operation of Christians of every type for practical Christian ends.

The time is prophetic of new modifications of the ecclesiastical world and a better life for the Church. In our own land, the unlimited freedom of opinion accorded by law, and encouraged by the absence of a national Church, has ceased to develop new sects, and is drawing the old into nearer communion. It is widely felt that existing lines do not rightly define the parties they divide; theological distinctions are becoming more and more indistinct; the separative tendency has exhausted its force; a unitive tendency has begun. In England writers in the Established Church are taking the lead in liberal views and critical inquiry. In Germany, criticism, once prevailingly negative, assumes more and more an affirmative tone. In Italy, where many of the best ideas of modern society had their rise, and where commenced the revival of the Unitarian faith, the eldest faith of Christendom, — in Italy the temporal power of the Pope — that public offence of the Christian world — is melting away before the victorious arms of the new Cromwell, whose every step in that throbbing peninsula finds a response in twenty millions of expectant hearts, and more than twenty centuries of buried glory. With the loss of its temporalities, though the spiritual head remain, the Papacy is shorn of its prestige and rendered comparatively harmless, whereby ecclesiastical domination is everywhere crippled and broken. A Catholic Church without a hierarchy may become a progressive Church, and meanwhile furnishes the surest guaranty for the unity of Christendom.

Throughout the Christian world the prevailing influences favor liberty; the auspices look toward an era of spiritual life

untrammelled by priestly rule and dogmatic conditions, carrying its own authority in its own triumphant and beneficent sway.

A celebrated mystic of the twelfth century* predicted a third age and dispensation of God, corresponding with the third Person in the Trinity. The first age, representing God the Father, was the dispensation of the Law, the age of the Old Testament, — an age of bondage and fear. The second, representing the Son, was the age of the New Testament, — an age of instruction, discipline, a dispensation of doctrine. The third, representing the Holy Ghost, is to be an age of knowledge and spiritual emancipation, a dispensation of liberty and love. The first he characterizes as an age of bondsmen; the second, an age of freedmen; the third, of friends; — the first, an age of old men; the second, of the middle-aged; the third, of children. Six hundred years have rolled by since that Calabrian monk delivered this sublime burden of the Lord, so far does the vision of holy and loving spirits outstrip the tardy-footed ages charged with the execution of "the pattern in the mount."

Six hundred years! and the Christian world still waits this consummation of its destiny. No one in our time has contributed more to promote that consummation than the great departed with whose finished life and unfinished work we began this discussion. Such spirits as Bunsen's — men in whom insight is mixed with love, whose penetrating intellect serves a Christian heart, and whose perfect liberty of thought is coupled with reverential faith — help, wherever they appear, to inaugurate the age of the Spirit in the triumph of liberty and love.

* Abbot Joachim of Floris.

ART. IV. — THE ELIOT NOVELS.

1. *Scenes in Clerical Life*. By GEORGE ELIOT. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1858.
2. *Adam Bede*. By GEORGE ELIOT. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1859.
3. *The Mill on the Floss*. By GEORGE ELIOT. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1860.

GEORGE ELIOT, the pseudonyme by which Marian Evans chooses to be known, has already acquired an enviable reputation. The success of her two novels (her first book is only a series of short tales) is not of an ephemeral character. They have in themselves a life-growing principle, which will sustain them through the fluctuations of popular taste. While there are various and conflicting opinions in regard to some of their qualities as works of fiction, it is impossible for the most prejudiced critic not to recognize their marked excellences. They not only display creative power, dramatic skill, pathos, and humor, but also intellectual strength, faithfulness of observation, and keenness of perception. Books so rich in thought, strong in the grasping of truth and in hatred of the false, afford ample scope for analysis and criticism. But power is not the only remarkable quality of this writer's mind. Her novels display a breadth of culture extraordinary in a woman, and a painstaking and patience truly admirable. Hence it is that they do more than interest and amuse; they arouse and excite, being not only full of thought themselves, but, like Falstaff's wit, the cause of thought in their readers. Painful as are some of the leading incidents in every one of the Eliot stories, there is nothing fanciful or morbid in their tone. In this respect they are superior to the novels of Currer Bell. Charlotte Brontë's mind was as creative and original as is that of Marian Evans, and her faculty of fascinating her readers even greater. She had deep and wonderful insight, but not the firm, vigorous grasp of thought, the broad culture, the wide charity, which are the striking characteristics of the author of *Adam Bede*. The atmosphere which surrounds the

latter seems always clear, bracing, and healthy. There is a degree of muscular energy about her which is invigorating, and in which she strongly resembles Charles Kingsley. In delineation of character she is peculiarly happy. Her study of human nature has been careful and thorough. She sketches with wonderful fidelity to nature. There is nothing slovenly about her work, — no sudden dashes for brilliant effect ; all is fine and patient labor. She never allows her imagination to carry her beyond the limits of probability, and holds her own mind, as well as the reader's, in subjection. With a keen perception of the ridiculous, she is decidedly a humorist ; but her comicalities are never caricatures, and she does not, like Dickens, delight in broad farce which amuses by its very absurdity. The very conscientiousness which causes her minuteness of detail to be sometimes tiresome guards her from exaggeration. There is but one objection to her humor, — its occasional coarseness. Though a finished, she is not a polished writer. It would be out of place, and also very inartistic, to make coarse and common people behave and talk like those of a higher grade. In this respect we are willing to allow all necessary license ; but we object to a gratuitous vulgarity, for which the author is solely responsible. This is a great blemish, especially in a woman's book. We see less of it in Miss Evans's later publications. It is disagreeably apparent in "Scenes in Clerical Life," while, except in the exemplification of character, there is only a dash of it here and there in "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss."

The Eliot novels have been condemned for their sorrowful endings. And to readers who concentrate all their interest on the ultimate fate of their favorites, — who gallop through a book caring little for the pleasant scenes on the road, — this is a serious defect. But those to whom the study and development of character and the completeness of a story are of more value than the mere conclusion, will think this objection of little force. Some of the scenes the author depicts are undoubtedly painful, the more so that they are drawn from every-day life, thus enlisting the sympathies more powerfully. But though she does not shrink from exposing sin and error, and from portraying its consequences, she never paints her

characters in colors so dark that we cannot perceive God's image in them, defaced and sadly mutilated though it be. It is obvious that she does not delight in villains, and has little genius for intrigue. Distress and crime, selfishness and falsehood, she indeed portrays with a bold, unerring pencil,—otherwise she would be no true delineator of life,—but in so doing she does not startle or excite by deep-laid schemes of villany; neither does she bring men and women on the stage simply to make her audience shudder. Her own reasoning on this subject is sound and logical. "Plotting covetousness and deliberate contrivance in order to compass a selfish end, are nowhere abundant but in the world of the dramatist; they demand too intense a mental action for many of our fellow-parishioners to be guilty of them. It is easy enough to spoil the lives of our neighbors without taking so much trouble; we can do so by lazy acquiescence and lazy omission, by trivial falsities, for which we hardly know a reason, by small frauds, naturalized by small extravagances, by maladroit flatteries and clumsily improvised insinuations. We live from hand to mouth most of us, with a small family of immediate desires. We do little else than snatch a morsel to satisfy the hungry brood, rarely thinking of seed-corn or the next year's crop."

Another striking characteristic of Miss Evans is her impartiality and freedom from prejudice. One cannot accuse her of favoritism, and her even-handed justice is always tempered with mercy. This is shown particularly in her delineations of the clergy,—the evangelical curate, Mr. Tryan, the Anglican Dr. Kenn, and the noble-hearted but indolent Mr. Irwine, have all their due share of praise and consideration. Her mind is singularly well-balanced, and she does not mystify either herself or her readers by the intrusion of any theory or subject which she does not perfectly understand herself. The distinctions between right and wrong are clearly settled. Her morality is of the sternest, purest character, and is so ingeniously woven into the web of her stories that it cannot be separated from it. There is no forced moral, no dragging in of long homilies. And yet as long as we remember her tales we cannot be unmindful of the lessons they inculcate, if we have

ordinary perception, and are not blinded by prejudice and passion.

With this brief reference to Miss Evans's general characteristics we pass to a more particular examination of her several publications, in order to form a just estimate of their worth.

"*Scenes in Clerical Life*" — a succession of short tales originally published in *Blackwood* — are much inferior to Miss Evans's novels. While there is in them evidence of power, they are wanting in that finish and control of the pen which her later works exhibit. She describes at length persons and scenes entirely irrelevant to the story, and which in themselves are of slight interest. Tiresome conversations and distasteful details are mingled with clever dialogues, of tender pathos and rich humor. It is evident that we have to deal with an author's first book, wherein is indulged the irrepresible desire to introduce all the funny incidents, the queer characters, and good thoughts at her disposal. Individual merit has been more considered than fitness. Consequently, much that otherwise placed might be beauties are now only blemishes. But this fault in a first book is pardonable. It is like the exuberant growth of a young and vigorous tree, which only needs a little judicious pruning to disclose its perfect symmetry of outline.

There is poetry and pathos latent in every life, though the surface-character may be rough and course. This fact George Eliot not only fully recognizes, but embodies. It is a favorite theory with her, — one very near her heart; and thus she invests the simplest details of a homely lot with a powerful and touching interest. This is seen especially in the first story of the series, — "*The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton.*" There is no plot; only a few incidents strung together to illustrate the trials, hardships, and mistakes of a poor curate. As if delighting in difficulties, the author has made him not only unattractive, but positively disagreeable. Yet, in spite of his personal defects, and his weak and narrow mind, we are compelled at last to sympathize with his sorrows, and to remember him with kindly regard. It is the tender love of the curate's wife for her ordinary husband which works this charm. In its simplicity and pathos, the picture of that pa-

tient, delicate woman slowly fading away under "a burden too heavy for her to bear," can only be compared to an etching of Retzsch. The description of this brave, loving woman's last illness and death is inexpressibly touching. It moves the heart so powerfully, that we, like the parishioners, who had been hostile to him, are filled with compassion for the bereaved husband, and all his weaknesses and follies are buried in "Milly's" grave. As showing the power and beauty of a tender human love, what a halo it throws around the least and meanest of God's creatures,—what a softener it is of prejudiced as well as of hardened hearts,—this story is remarkable.

19. There is no objectionable coarseness, and there are fewer irrelevant descriptions in "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story" than in the other two tales, but it is less powerfully written. In the first and the last story, the author's genius triumphs over difficulties, and we are inclined to forgive the liberties she takes for the effect she produces. Another author might have written "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story," but no one but George Eliot "The Sad Fortunes of Rev. Amos Barton" and "Janet's Repentance." Though the story is interestingly told, the characters have not the usual strong individuality. Sir Christopher and Lady Cheverel are rather stereotyped, and Lady Asher, meant to be simply a weak, stupid woman, is made an under-bred one. It is obvious our author is not entirely at home among the refined circles of English society. In the delineation of character she draws more upon her powers of observation than upon her imagination, and what we gain in refinement we lose in individuality. Mr. Gilfil, the vicar, who lived mostly among the rough farmers of his parish, who sometimes forgot to take off his spurs before putting on his surplice, who preached his old sermons in rotation with perfect impartiality in regard to topics, and who kept a chamber in his house and heart sacred to his dead wife, is much more interesting than Maynard Gilfil, the young, handsome, and passionate lover of Tina. It is our knowledge of his antecedents, however, which makes him so; and the contrast the author draws between these two phases of his life is admirable. So also are these serio-comic expostulations to

the reader, caused by the confession that the good vicar indulged in a nightly potation of gin and water.

"But in the first place, dear ladies, allow me to plead that gin and water, like obesity, or baldness, or the gout, does not exclude a vast amount of antecedent romance, any more than the neatly executed 'fronts' which you may some day wear will exclude your present possession of less expensive braids. Alas! alas! we poor mortals are often little better than wood-ashes, — there is small sign of the sap, and the leafy freshness, and the bursting buds that were once there; but wherever we see wood-ashes, we know that all that early fulness of life must have been. I, at least, hardly ever look at a bent old man, or a wizened old woman, but I see also, with my mind's eye, that Past of which they are the shrunk remnant; and the unfinished romance of rosy cheeks and bright eyes seems sometimes of feeble interest and significance, compared with that drama of hope and love which has long ago reached its catastrophe, and left the poor soul, like a dim and dusty stage, with all its sweet garden scenes and fair perspectives overturned and thrust out of sight." — p. 43.

"Janet's Repentance" is the most powerfully wrought story of the series; but in it the author's defects are more conspicuous. In its construction there is much that is not only distasteful, but positively repulsive; such, for instance, is the low tavern talk of Mr. Tryan's enemies, Dempster's drunken outbreaks, and, above all, his dying ravings in delirium tremens. The historical accuracy with which she records the most disgusting details of these scenes is more curious than pleasing; and the exercise of good taste would be preferable to faithfulness. The description of the Milby cliques is very well done; also that of the female admirers of Mr. Tryan, the Evangelical curate, and the rivalry between the medical practitioners, Pratt and Pilgrim. Mrs. Linnet, who made rapid progress through religious books, by strictly confining herself to the purely secular portions, is very amusing. We should like to see more of her, and less of Mr. Jerome, who, good excellent man, is rather prosy. Mrs. Linnet's practical, common-sense view of things, narrowed by her sphere of life, is very well illustrated by this specimen of her peculiar style: —

"'He'd need have somebody, young or old,' observed Mrs. Linnet, 'to see as he wears a flannel wescoat, an' changes his stockings when

he comes in. It's my opinion that he's got that cough wi' sittin' i' wet shoes an' stockings; an' that Mrs. Wagstaff's a poor addle-headed thing; she does n't half tek care on him.'

"'O mother,' said Rebecca, 'she's a very pious woman. And I'm sure she thinks it too great a privilege to have Mr. Tryan with her not to do the best she can to make him comfortable. She can't help her rooms being shabby.'

"'I've nothing to say agin' her piety, my dear; but I know very well I should n't like her to cook my victual. When a man comes in hungry an' tired, piety won't feed him, I reckon. I called in one day when she was dishin' up Mr. Tryan's dinner, an' I could see the potatoes was as watery as water. It's right enough to be speritual, — I'm no enemy to that; but I like my potatoes mealy. I don't see as anybody 'ull go to heaven the sooner for not digestin' their dinner, — providin' they don't die sooner, as mayhap Mr. Tryan will, poor dear man!'" — p. 143.

But the skill of the story-teller is most unmistakably shown in the portraiture of Janet; — in her fluctuations of feeling and conduct, — in her husband's brutality, which led her to seek relief in a degrading self-forgetfulness, — in her remorse and consequent resistance and triumph over temptation. While we fully recognize Janet's noble nature, and our compassion is powerfully excited in her behalf, our feelings are not allowed to blind our judgment. We see how her faults aggravate the trials of her cruel position; and, debased as Dempster is, he is not made entirely brutal. "In the man," says the author, "whose childhood has known caresses, there is always a fibre of memory that can be touched to gentle issues;" and she confirms this statement by dwelling upon the care and tenderness this bad, unscrupulous man lavishes upon his aged mother. "Mamsey" sitting mute and patient at her knitting, noticing silently her daughter-in-law's shortcomings, "registering them as a balance of excuse on the side of her son," and dwelling fondly on the thought, "See what a good son he is to me, — never gave me a harsh word, — and so he might have been a good husband," — is one of those charming touches with which the Eliot novels abound. But in depicting varied and tumultuous emotions of the heart, in times especially of overwhelming and unwonted distress, Miss Evans is most successful. The intensity of the tragic element in

these delineations is immense. This is felt in the portrayal of Janet's agony, as she sat shivering on the door-step at midnight, thrust out of her home by her drunken husband; in the thoughts that crowded one upon another, in pitiless rapidity, in the brain of poor Hetty Sorrel, during her dreary and aimless wanderings; in Maggie's conflicting emotions through the torturing hours of her great temptation. It is only in their vivid distinctness these examples resemble each other; the emotions themselves in each are widely different. In scenes like these George Eliot cannot be surpassed. Other novelists have been superior in the quality of their humor, and in the skill and good taste of their delineations; but in depicting the inward struggles and tortures of poor suffering humanity, she has few or no rivals.

In completeness and finish, in roundness and distinctness of outline, "*Adam Bede*" is far superior to its predecessor. The characters are more artistically woven into the story. Each one has its place with regard to the unity of the whole. Like its successor, "*The Mill on the Floss*," it has a distinct purpose, carried out with surprising success, and so well done that it is never obtrusive. Some novelists imagine, as did a certain style of preacher alluded to by Sidney Smith, that a praiseworthy aim will atone for any amount of stupidity, and that morality is in itself so exciting a subject, that their readers cannot fail to be interested in spite of dulness or unskilful handling. But our author falls into no such delusion; she understands the needs of the human intellect, as well as of the human heart, and ministers to both. While Mrs. Poyser is the most amusing of the characters in "*Adam Bede*," Arthur Donnithorne is in our judgment the most artistic. Natures like his, though by no means uncommon, are rarely understood, and, even when comprehended, not easily portrayed. To show the inconsistencies of a character where impulse is stronger than principle, and preserve at the same time its harmony, requires more than ordinary ability. No self-deceiver has ever been more faithfully delineated than Arthur Donnithorne. He judges himself by the good opinion others entertain of him, and when he goes astray quiets his conscience by dwelling upon the purity of his intentions, and

blames circumstances instead of himself. He never does wrong from premeditation, and therefore expects to be absolved from the consequences of wrong-doing. "There was a sort of implicit confidence in him, that he was really such a good fellow at bottom, Providence would not treat him harshly." His nature being loving and affectionate, the goodwill of others is necessary to him; and while he continues to have that, he does not analyze his motives very rigorously. It is much easier and pleasanter for him to tell the truth than to lie, so he is generally candid; but when the truth would be attended with disgraceful developments, he does not hesitate to deceive. His surface kindness of heart makes him reluctant to witness the pain he is sensible he inflicts, and he reconciles his cruelty to his conscience by the timely reflection that he also suffers. Arthur has a defective sense of moral obligations. While he wishes to do right, he does not or will not see that, when he has by his conduct made himself responsible for the happiness of Hetty, no after considerations of prudence and policy can absolve him from his obligations. It is only when the terrible consequences of his sin are thrust upon him, that he sees himself and his deeds in a true light. Through sorrow and humiliation he learns to understand himself; and Hetty's dreadful doom and early death become a life-long remorse. Adam's words revert to him then with a bitter significance: "There's a sort of wrong that can never be made up for."

Arthur's feeble struggles with his passion for Hetty, his contradictory impulses, his irresolution in the presence of Mr. Irwine, his feelings after the stormy interview with Adam, and his train of pleasing reflections upon all he should do for the welfare of others upon his grandfather's death, are all described in a masterly manner. The lesson George Eliot would teach is conveyed through the medium of this delineation; she proves by Arthur how unreliable are generous impulses when allied to weakness of character and principle; how dangerous not only to their possessor, but to others; for while the really bad man is often suspected and guarded against, the man who is simply weak is trusted and loved, and thus is liable to cause as much misery as he who is habitually vicious.

Adam Bede is a veritable hero. Our personal interest in him deepens as his character develops; for good and noble as it is, it is perfectly lifelike. He is a fine specimen of the muscular Englishman of a certain class, with a rough dialect and a tender heart. In his firmness and clear sense of duty he stands the opposite of Arthur. The difference between them is early shadowed forth in this little dialogue: —

“‘I should think, now, Adam, you never have any struggles within yourself. I fancy you would master a wish that you had made up your mind it was not quite right to indulge, as easily as you would knock down a drunken fellow who was quarrelsome with you. I mean, you are never shilly-shally, first making up your mind that you won’t do a thing, and then doing it after all.’

“‘Well,’ said Adam, slowly, after a moment’s hesitation, ‘no. I don’t remember ever being see-saw in that way, when I’d made my mind up, as you say, that a thing was wrong. It takes the taste out o’ my mouth for things, when I know I should have a heavy conscience after ’em. I’ve seen pretty clear, ever since I could cast up a sum, as you can never do what’s wrong without breeding sin and trouble more than you can ever see. It’s like a bit o’ bad workmanship,—you never see the end o’ the mischief it’ll do. And it’s a poor lookout to come into the world to make your fellow-creatures worse off instead o’ better. But it is n’t my way to be see-saw about anything; I think my fault lies th’ other way. When I’ve said a thing, if it’s only to myself, it’s hard for me to go back.’” — p. 143.

Adam’s impatience and occasional harshness make his noble qualities more conspicuous. His love for Hetty, and tenderness and sympathy for her, are beautiful, and his manly indignation toward Arthur is both natural and creditable. A less noble nature would have felt some resentment toward the woman who had so selfishly blighted his life, even though forced to pity her. But Adam never thinks of himself; all his anger as well as sympathy is for her wrongs. He grieves over her fate much more than over his own crushed hopes, and the manly tenderness he exhibits toward her, contrasted with the vehemence of his wrath toward Arthur, is very touching. Adam is a reasonable man, as well as a Christian; and therefore his listening to Mr. Irwine’s pleadings in his early friend’s behalf, and the gradual softening of his heart toward him, is

perfectly consistent with his character. His father's death, causing him remorseful thoughts, had made him less hard in his judgments, and the suffering he had endured through Hetty rendered him at last more patient with the erring. Though the intensity of his love for Hetty wears off, and time and Dinah bring him consolation, still he never ceases to sorrow for her fate; and that through her grief happiness had at last come to him, is never a comforting thought.

"That is a base and selfish, even a blasphemous spirit," says the author, "which rejoices and is thankful over the past evil that has blighted or crushed another, because it has been made a source of unforeseen good to ourselves. Adam could never cease to mourn over that mystery of human sorrow which had been brought so close to him; he could never thank God for another's misery. And if I were capable of that narrow-sighted joy in Adam's behalf, I should still know he was not the man to feel it for himself; he would have shaken his head at such a sentiment and said, 'Evil's evil, and sorrow's sorrow, and you can't alter its nature by wrapping it up in other words. Other folks were not created for my sake, that I should think all square when things turn out well for me.'" — p. 444.

Elspeth's love and awe for this favorite son, whom she is continually making uncomfortable by her weak complainings, is very naturally shown; also the querulousness and injustice she constantly exhibits toward Seth, the less gifted brother, who never was harsh to her, as Adam sometimes was. "Timid people," remarks George Eliot, "always wreak their peevishness on the gentle." Elspeth's murmurings, though lifelike, are stretched to an unreasonable length; and we, like Adam, grow a little restive under the infliction.

Hetty Sorrel's character is more natural than pleasing. It is Adam's deep, tender love for her, as well as her own frightful sufferings, that surround her with interest, which is also heightened by the author's descriptions of her exceeding beauty. Every picture of Hetty, whether working butter in the dairy, pacing her little room with the old black scarf thrown over her dazzling shoulders, or pouting prettily at the birthday feast, is charming. The author seems to exult in the loveliness she has created, and dwells long and fondly upon every charm. So minute are her descriptions of Hetty's

beauty, in different positions and under diverse circumstances, that an artist would need only a skilful hand and ordinary perception perfectly to embody the idea of the author. Here is one of the many portraits of the lovely coquette : —

“It is of little use for me to tell you that Hetty’s cheek was like a rose-petal, that dimples played about her pouting lips, that her large, dark eyes hid a soft roguishness under their long lashes, and that her curly hair, though all pushed back under her round cap while she was at work, stole back in dark, delicate rings on her forehead, and about her white, shell-like ears ; it is of little use for me to say how lovely was the contour of her pink and white neckerchief, tucked into her low, plum-colored stuff bodice, or how the linen butter-making apron, with its bib, seemed a thing to be imitated in silk by duchesses, since it fell in such charming lines, or how her brown stockings and thick-soled, buckled shoes lost all that clumsiness which they must certainly have had when empty of her foot and ankle, — of little use, unless you have seen a woman who affected you as Hetty affected her beholders, for otherwise, though you might conjure up the image of a lovely woman, she would not in the least resemble that distracting, kitten-like maiden. I might mention all the divine charms of a bright spring day, but if you had never in your life utterly forgotten yourself in straining your eyes after the mounting lark, or in wandering through the still lanes when the fresh-opened blossoms fill them with a sacred, silent beauty like that of fretted aisles, where would be the use of my descriptive catalogue ? I could never make you know what I meant by a bright spring day. Hetty’s was a springtide beauty ; it was the beauty of young, frisking things, round-limbed, gambolling, circumventing you by a false air of innocence, — the innocence of a young star-browed calf, for example, that, being inclined for a promenade out of bounds, leads you a severe steeple-chase over hedge and ditch, and only comes to a stand in the middle of a bog.” — pp. 72, 73.

Unfortunately, Hetty’s personal charms are her only lovable qualities, and the author does not allow her readers, like the pretty maiden’s suitors, to be deceived by them. We understand her better even than the shrewd Mrs. Poyser, who says : —

“She’s no better than a peacock, as ’ud strut about on the wall and spread its tail when the sun shone if all the folks i’ the parish was dying ; there’s nothing seems to give her a turn i’ th’ inside, not even when we thought Totty had tumbled into the pit. To think o’ that

dear cherub! And we found her wi' her little shoes stuck i' the mud, an' crying fit to break her heart, by the far horse-pit. Hetty niver minded it, I could see, though she's been at the nussin' o' the child iver since it was a babby. It's my belief her heart's as hard as a pibble.'" — p. 133.

But though we clearly perceive Hetty's selfishness and vanity, her love of admiration and of dress, we are not at all prepared for subsequent developments, and are quite as much shocked as her friends are at the disclosure of her shame and crime. The author has kept her secret astonishingly well; and it is only until the curtain has fallen upon the tragedy of the story, that we are able also to form any plausible conjectures as to its conclusion. Distressing as are all the circumstances attending Hetty's wanderings, trial, and condemnation, they show a marvellous execution. A group of statuary (the Laocoön for example) may be too painful to please us, but our individual emotions cannot detract from its faultless proportions.

In her peculiar methodistical tendencies, Dinah Morris reminds us somewhat of the character of Grace in "Two Years Ago;" but Kingsley's heroine is decidedly the most attractive and healthful. Grace has much less of that morbid conscientiousness which fetters Dinah's real usefulness. Nor does she, like the latter, refuse to obey the best and purest impulses of her nature. There is more common sense about her, and she finds enough to occupy her in following out the precept of the Church Catechism, — doing "her duty in that state unto which it has pleased God to call her." But though we may not admire Dinah's type of Methodism, we can find no fault with her piety or humility. Were she less formally good, she would seem more natural; but her prayers and exhortations are all in admirable keeping with her character. The interest of the story, which flags a little after Hetty's fate is decided, would have been heightened had Dinah stepped a little sooner from her pedestal. We are inclined to think that women with "missions" have their heads and hands full, without those distracting domestic cares which fully content their less aspiring sisters; consequently we are not perfectly reconciled to the fate of our favorite Adam, and would have preferred that

Dinah should have been left with her "mission" to console her. Though the author, with her usual impartiality, has taken pains to show female Methodism in its most favorable light, it is evident from these home-thrusts of Mrs. Poyser that she does not set up Dinah as a model.

"'You feel! yes,' said Mrs. Poyser, returning from a parenthetic glance at the cows. 'That's allays the reason I'm to sit down wi', when you've a mind to do anything contrary. What do you want to be preaching for more than you're preaching now. Don't you go off, the Lord knows where, every Sunday, a-preaching and praying? an' have n't you got Methodists enow at Treddles'on to go and look at, if church folks' faces are too handsome to please you? an' isn't there them i' this parish as you've got under hand, and they're like enough to make friends wi' old Harry again as soon as your back is turned? There's that Bessy Cranage, she'll be flaunting i' new finery three weeks after you're gone, I'll be bound; she'll no more go on in her new ways without you, than a dog'll stand on its hind legs when there's nobody looking. But I suppose it doesna matter so much about folks's souls i' this country, else you'd be for staying with your own aunt, for she's none so good but what you might help her to be better.'" — pp. 398, 399.

In describing various shades of religious opinion, Miss Evans never allows her own private partialities to give a false coloring to the views of others. She makes her characters act and talk as persons holding such views would doubtless act and talk in real life. Thus, Dinah Morris is always a good, consistent Methodist. Mr. Tryan's exhortations savor of his creed, and she never forgets that Dr. Kenn is Anglican and Mr. Irwine of "the old school."

Everybody admires Mrs. Poyser, and everybody quotes her. In her sound common-sense, her shrewd perception, her bustling, thorough housewifery, she is inimitable. Her proverbs have the rare merit of being always significant, and her estimate of people and things would do honor to persons of more liberal views and culture. Mr. Irwine's off-hand judgment upon her is quite correct: — "Sharp! yes, her tongue is like a new-set razor. She's quite original in her talk, too; one of those untaught wits that help to stock a country with proverbs." But though her tongue is keen, her heart is tender, as is shown in her respect toward her husband, and her love

and indulgence to the spoiled little Totty. Nor does she share Martin Poyser's severity toward the unfortunate Hetty. But she must have her "say out;" for, as she says, "There's no pleasure i' living if you're to be corked up for iver, and only dribble your mind out by the sly, like a leaky barrel. I sha'n't repent saying what I think, if I live to be as old as th' old Squire; and there's little likelihood, for it seems as if them as are n't wanted here are th' only folks as are n't wanted i' th' other world." Mrs. Poyser's ready wit is never at a loss; and whether giving the Squire or Hetty a piece of her mind, arguing with Dinah or Bartle Massey, or scolding Molly the maid, she is always original and irresistible.

The description of the "Hall Farm" is very fine. Every scene is a picture worthy of Herring. And though we agree with the Misses Irwine that a "farm-house is a beautiful thing," we accept Mrs. Poyser's practical view of the case. "Yis; a farm-house is a fine thing for them as look on, an' don't know the liftin', an' the stannin', an' the worritin' o' the inside as belongs to it."

Craig the gardener we remember more from Mrs. Poyser's shrewd remark about him, that he was "like a cock as thinks the sun's rose o' purpose to hear him crow," than from his own conceited utterances. But Bartle Massey, with his harmless hatred of "woman-kind," and his weakness for his dog "Vixen," has a great deal of humor, spoilt occasionally by an unpleasant coarseness, for we cannot forget George Eliot is a woman.

"The Mill on the Floss" is as powerfully, if not as tragically, written as "Adam Bede;" but since half the book is devoted to the childhood of the principal characters, it loses with some readers a portion of its interest as a romance. As works of art, both possess equal merit, and the question of superiority is a mere matter of taste. The high moral principle which it is the author's aim to inculcate is steadily carried out, and her singleness of purpose is even more apparent than in "Adam Bede." The artistic finish of the book is elaborate, and the skill shown in the development of character must win the admiration of every critical mind. Though we think Arthur Donnithorne the most masterly of her delineations, as involv-

ing greater difficulties of execution, those of Maggie and Tom are wrought out with as great care, and on the whole are quite as harmonious and successful. In Arthur we see the triumph of impulse over principle; in Maggie, the triumph of principle over the most ungovernable impulses. Maggie's career, with the exception of her great temptation, is one of ordinary life. Her mortifications, struggles, and failures are a part of the needed discipline of a strong, passionate nature, and the record of them interests, not from new or unwonted developments, but because of its truth and fidelity.

Child-heroines are generally represented with natures so angelic, that they accomplish an amazing amount of good; or else they are made the victims of oppression so cruel, that sympathy is painfully excited in their behalf. But Maggie is simply a clever, loving child, with a quick, impatient temper; and though occasionally domineered over by her brother, she is certainly not a persecuted person. It has been said, in speaking of Margaret Fuller, that "none but poets remember their youth." This is a great mistake. We may forget for the time the tears we have shed in our early days, as well as the little pleasures that made up the sum of our young lives; but in after years, not only incidents, but thoughts and feelings, recur to us with photographic distinctness. So Maggie's childhood, being like that of many children, charms from its very suggestiveness and the old memories it recalls. She is not the only child who has instituted a "Fetish" in the form of doll, to vent her ill-humor upon. Her naughtiness is not at all peculiar to herself, though it is of a piquant stamp. She bastes the ugly frock, given her by her Aunt Glegg, along with the meat; the offending bonnet is summarily disposed of under the pump; she cuts off her hair in one of her freaks, pushes her little cousin into the mud, and runs off to the Gypsies. She darts away during a hair-curling process, and dashes her head into water, while her mother sits helpless, exclaiming, "Folks 'ull think it a judgment on me, as I've got such a child. They 'll think I've done summat wicked." How very natural is this little dialogue between the clever child, proud of her acquirements, and the sturdy miller, proud of his ignorance!

“‘I think you never read any book but the Bible, did you, Luke?’

“‘Nay, miss, — an’ not much o’ that,’ said Luke, with great frankness. ‘I’m no reader, I arn’t.’

“‘But if I lent you one of my books, Luke? I’ve not got any *very* pretty books, that would be easy for you to read, but there’s “Pug’s Tour of Europe,” — that would tell you all about the different sorts of people in the world, and if you did n’t understand the reading, the pictures would help you; they show the looks and ways of the people, and what they do. There are the Dutchmen, very fat, and smoking, you know, — and one sitting on a barrel.’

“‘Nay, miss, I’n no opinion o’ Dutchmen. There ben’t much good i’ knowin’ about them.’

“‘But they’re our fellow-creatures, Luke; we ought to know about our fellow-creatures.’

“‘Not much o’ fellow-creatures, I think, miss; all I know — my old master, as war a knowin’ man, used to say, says he, “If e’er I sow my wheat wi’out brinin’, I’m a Dutchman,” says he; an’ that war as much as to say as a Dutchman wur a fool, or next door. Nay, nay, I arn’t goin’ to bother mysen about Dutchmen. There’s fools enoo, an’ rogues enoo, wi’out lookin’ i’ books for ’em.’

“‘O well,’ said Maggie, rather foiled by Luke’s unexpectedly decided views about Dutchmen, ‘perhaps you would like “Animated Nature” better; that’s not Dutchmen, you know, but elephants, and kangaroos, and the civet cat, and the sun-fish, and a bird sitting on its tail, — I forget its name. There are countries full of those creatures, instead of horses and cows, you know. Should n’t you like to know about them, Luke?’

“‘Nay, miss, I’n got to keep count o’ the flour an’ corn, — I can’t do wi’ knowin’ so many things besides my work. That’s what brings folk to the gallows, — knowin’ everything but what they’n got to get their bread by. An’ they’re mostly lies, I think, what’s printed i’ the books: them printed sheets are, anyhow, as the men cry i’ the streets.’” — pp. 27, 28.

Some of the most interesting chapters in “The Mill on the Floss” are those which relate to the influence the study of “*De Imitatione Christi*” had upon Maggie’s sorrowing girlhood. While the author recognizes the soothing, holy character of the book, what a panacea its teachings are for earthly sorrow, and skilfully illustrates it by the change it wrought upon her heroine, she shows at the same time how incompatible is such complete renunciation with a healthy, active state

of mind, especially in youth. "She had not perceived — how could she until she had lived longer? — the inmost truth of the old monk's outpourings, that renunciation remains sorrow, though a sorrow borne willingly." Michelet, in his *History of France*, devotes a chapter to an analytic panegyric of this wonderful book, and the effect it produced upon the suffering, worn-out heart of the Middle Age. His dreamy eloquence is fascinating, but George Eliot's judgment is truer, as she regards it in all its bearings. Michelet states only its possibilities; George Eliot, its impossibilities.

The difference between the real nobility of Maggie's character and her brother's estimation of her — which, though harsh, has an apparent truthfulness about it — is very clearly shown. While we are made to understand from the first the nature of Maggie's affection for Philip, the author, very wisely, does not attempt to explain the strong feeling which draws her and Stephen Guest together. Such psychological mysteries do not admit of analysis. Nor until we have ceased to be astonished at the preferences daily found in real life can we justly censure George Eliot for having made Stephen a mere provincial dandy, far inferior morally and mentally to Philip. The outward inconsistencies of Maggie's conduct, caused by her inward struggles, and indeed every circumstance connected with her great trial, are depicted with extraordinary power, while the author's convictions of the force of moral obligations are clearly expressed in Maggie's significant replies to her lover's expostulations.

The heroine's fate is tragical, — necessarily so; for George Eliot could not have overcome the difficulties of her plot in any more natural way. It would have been inconsistent with her purpose to unite Maggie and Stephen, and to settle her down with Philip would have been rather a tame conclusion. She does the best she can for her readers, in sending the sweet but commonplace Lucy to console her outcast cousin, in opening Tom's eyes at the last, and uniting the brother and sister in death. This is a ray of comfort with which we must make up our minds to be content.

Tom Tulliver's character is well drawn, though not so elaborately as his sister's. His is the hard, unimaginative, un-

demonstrative nature, contrasted with, and in opposition to, a loving, imaginative, and impulsive one. Tom has all Adam's rectitude and firmness, without his finer qualities of the understanding and heart. Intrenched in his own narrow consistency, he has not sense enough to comprehend, much less appreciate, the more generous inconsistencies of Maggie. He judges her entirely by what he sees on the surface, and his judgments are always harsh. Because he has conquered his love for Lucy, he feels justified in hardening his heart toward his sister, and his sense of justice is decidedly one-sided. But, though we are often indignant at Tom, we are at last more inclined to pity him than to censure. His faults are a part of his nature, fostered by untoward events, while his success in life is the result of a persistent course of self-denial and integrity, which is admirable, even while he himself is entirely unlovable. His boyish resentment toward Maggie at taking him at his word and eating the larger half of the puffs, and his severity when she had forgotten to care for his rabbits, is characteristic of Tom Tulliver through life.

Mr. Tulliver is a much more attractive person than his son. He is a very good type of a warm-hearted, quick-tempered, but not very clear-headed man; one of the sort who are always going to law, and who are always worsted. The change which adversity works in his prejudiced nature is very naturally shown, and also the love and tenderness he lavishes upon the "little wench," as he styles Maggie. Mrs. Tulliver's character is redeemed from insipidity by her maternal fondness, shown in her thoughtfulness for Tom, her pride in Maggie's dawning beauty, and in her unselfish devotion to her daughter when the harsh brother turns her from his door. Her weak expostulations with her sisters, and her lamentations over her China and linen, would be more amusing if there were not quite so much of it. The description of the Dodson family, of which Mrs. Tulliver is a feeble member, is extremely clever.

"There were particular ways of doing everything in that family, — particular ways of bleaching the linen, of making the cowslip wine, curing the hams, and keeping the bottled gooseberries, so that no daughter of that house could be indifferent to the privilege of being born a Dodson, rather than a Gibson or a Watson. Funerals were always con-

ducted with peculiar propriety in the Dodson family: the hat-bands were never of a blue shade, the gloves never split at the thumb, everybody was a mourner who ought to be, and there were always scarfs for the bearers. When one of the family was in trouble or sickness, all the rest went to visit the unfortunate member, usually at the same time, and did not shrink from uttering the most disagreeable truths that correct family feeling dictated: if the illness or trouble was the sufferer's own fault, it was not in the practice of the Dodson family to shrink from saying so. In short, there was in this family a peculiar tradition as to what was the right thing in household management and social demeanor, and the only bitter circumstance attending this superiority was a painful inability to approve the condiments or the conduct of families ungoverned by the Dodson tradition. A female Dodson, when in 'strange houses,' always ate dry bread with her tea, and declined any sort of preserves, having no confidence in the butter, and thinking that the preserves had probably begun to ferment from want of due sugar and boiling. There were some Dodsons less like the family than others, — that was admitted; but in so far as they were 'kin,' they were of necessity better than those who were no 'kin.' And it is remarkable that while no individual Dodson was satisfied with any other individual Dodson, each was satisfied not only with him or her self, but with the Dodsons collectively." — p. 40.

The author narrowly escapes being wearisome with Mr. and Mrs. Pullet; — another word from them would be too much. The continual reference to Mr. Pullet's wonderful memory, and his habit of "sucking lozenges," loses its effect by being made too prominent. But this Dickens-like fault is a very rare one with George Eliot. Funny as this specimen is of Mrs. Pullet's conversation, we would prefer it in small and rare doses: —

"'He's got a wonderful memory, Pullet has,' she continued, looking pathetically at her sister. 'I should be poorly off if he was to have a stroke, for he always remembers when I've got to take my doctor's stuff, — and I'm taking three sorts now.'

"'There's the "pills as before," every other night, and the new drops at eleven and four, and the 'fervescing mixture "when agreeable,"' rehearsed Mr. Pullet, with a punctuation determined by a lozenge on his tongue.

"'Ah! perhaps it 'ud be better for sister Glegg if she 'd go to the doctor sometimes instead o' chewing Turkey rhubarb whenever there's anything the matter with her,' said Mrs. Tulliver, who naturally saw the wide subject of medicine chiefly in relation to Mrs. Glegg.

“‘It’s dreadful to think on,’ said Aunt Pullet, raising her hands and letting them fall again, ‘people playing with their own insides in that way! And it’s flying i’ the face o’ Providence; for what are doctors for, if we are n’t to call ’em in? And when folks have got the money to pay for a doctor, it is n’t respectable, as I’ve told Jane many a time. I’m ashamed of acquaintance knowing it.’

“‘Well, *we* ’ve no call to be ashamed,’ said Mr. Pullet, ‘for Doctor Turnbull has n’t got such another patient as you i’ this parish, now old Mrs. Sutton’s gone.’

“‘Pullet keeps all my physic-bottles — did you know, Bessy?’ said Mrs. Pullet. ‘He won’t have one sold. He says it’s nothing but right folks should see ’em when I’m gone. They fill two of the long store-room shelves a’ ready — but,’ she added, beginning to cry, ‘it’s well if they ever fill three. I may go before I’ve made up the dozen of these last sizes. The pill-boxes are in the closet in my room, — you’ll remember that, sister, — but there’s nothing to show for the boluses, if it is n’t the bills.’” — p. 86.

Of all the humorous characters in “*The Mill on the Floss*,” Mrs. Glegg is the most amusing. Bob Jakin is far inferior in his style of humor to Bartle Massey, but Mrs. Glegg is decidedly a character. Though not the worthy, womanly person Mrs. Poyser is, she is in her way almost as piquant. As a personal acquaintance we might not be able to perceive so keenly the ludicrous side of her character; but seen at a respectful distance, and through the author’s spectacles, she ceases to be formidable, and never appears without exciting a smile. She is always associated with an untied bonnet, slightly tilted, the “fuzziest of curled fronts,” and garments of rather a mouldy appearance, selected from “the primeval strata of her wardrobe.” These she wears with the lofty consciousness of one who knows “she has better lace laid by in the right-hand drawer of her wardrobe” than some of her neighbors ever bought in their lives. Indeed, the good woman, like most extraordinary people, had an eye to posthumous fame, and was much more anxious about the surprise she should create by the money she might leave, than concerned about the impression her neighbors may form of her parsimony during her life. Uncompromising as she is, her Dodsonian sense of justice is above all petty prejudice; and her defence of Maggie, when all

the rest of the family have deserted her, is much to her credit. Mrs. Glegg is always piquant, whether taken in by Bob Jakin, giving unpleasant advice to her relatives, or speaking her mind to her husband. The following conjugal quarrel is as cleverly sketched as the best of the Caudle Lectures.

"People who seem to enjoy their ill-temper have a way of keeping it in fine condition by inflicting privations on themselves. That was Mrs. Glegg's way: she made her tea weaker than usual this morning, and declined butter. It was a hard case that a vigorous mood for quarrelling, so highly capable of using any opportunity, should not meet with a single remark from Mr. Glegg on which to exercise itself. But by and by it appeared that his silence would answer the purpose, for he heard himself apostrophized at last in that tone peculiar to the wife of one's bosom.

"'Well, Mr. Glegg! it's a poor return I get for making you the wife I've made you all these years. If this is the way I'm to be treated, I'd better ha' known it before my poor father died, and then, when I'd wanted a home, I should ha' gone elsewhere, — as the choice was offered to me.'

"Mr. Glegg paused from his porridge and looked up, — not with any new amazement, but simply with that quiet, habitual wonder with which we regard constant mysteries.

"'Why, Mrs. G., what have I done now?'

"'Done now, Mr. Glegg? *done now?* I'm sorry for you.'

"Not seeing his way to any pertinent answer, Mr. Glegg reverted to his porridge.

"'There's husbands in the world,' continued Mrs. Glegg, after a pause, 'as 'ud have known how to do something different to siding with everybody else against their own wives. Perhaps I'm wrong, and you can teach me better; but I've allays heard as it's the husband's place to stand by the wife, instead o' rejoicing and triumphing when folks insult her.'

"'Now what call have you to say that?' said Mr. Glegg, rather warmly, for, though a kind man, he was not as meek as Moses. 'When did I rejoice or triumph over you?'

"'There's ways o' doing things worse than speaking out plain, Mr. Glegg. I'd sooner you'd tell me to my face as you make light o' me, than try to make out as everybody's in the right but me, and come to your breakfast in the morning, as I've hardly slept an hour this night, and sulk at me as if I was the dirt under your feet.'

"'Sulk at you?' said Mr. Glegg, in a tone of angry facetiousness.

‘You’re like a tipsy man as thinks everybody’s had too much but himself.’

“‘Don’t lower yourself with using coarse language to *me*, Mr. Glegg! It makes you look very small, though you can’t see yourself,’ said Mrs. Glegg, in a tone of energetic compassion. ‘A man in your place should set an example, and talk more sensible.’

“‘Yes; but will you listen to sense?’ retorted Mr. Glegg, sharply. ‘The best sense I can talk to you is what I said last night, — as you’re i’ the wrong to think o’ calling in your money, when it’s safe enough if you’d let it alone, all because of a bit of a tiff; and I was in hopes you’d ha’ altered your mind this morning. But if you’d like to call it in, don’t do it in a hurry now, and breed more enmity in the family, but wait till there’s a pretty mortgage to be had without any trouble. You’d have to set the lawyer to work now to find an investment, and make no end o’ expense.’

“Mrs. Glegg felt there was really something in this, but she tossed her head and emitted a guttural interjection to indicate that her silence was only an armistice, not a peace. And, in fact, hostilities soon broke out again.

“‘I’ll thank you for my cup o’ tea now, Mrs. G.,’ said Mr. Glegg, seeing that she did not proceed to give it to him, as usual, when he had finished his porridge. She lifted the teapot with a slight toss of the head, and said, —

“‘I’m glad to hear you’ll *thank* me, Mr. Glegg. It’s little thanks *I* get for what I do for folks i’ this world, though there’s never a woman o’ *your* side i’ the family, Mr. Glegg, as is fit to stand up with me; and I’d say it if I was on my dying bed. Not but what I’ve allays conducted myself civil to your kin, and there is n’t one of ’em can say the contrary, though my equils they are n’t, and nobody shall make me say it.’

“‘You’d better leave finding fault wi’ my kin till you’ve left off quarrelling with your own, Mrs. G.,’ said Mr. Glegg, with angry sarcasm. ‘I’ll trouble you for the milk-jug.’

“‘That’s as false a word as ever you spoke, Mr. Glegg,’ said the lady, pouring out the milk with unusual profuseness, as much as to say, if he wanted milk he should have it with a vengeance. ‘And you know it’s false. I’m not the woman to quarrel with my own kin; *you* may, for I’ve known you do it.’

“‘Why, what did you call it yesterday, then, leaving your sister’s house in a tantrum?’

“‘I’d no quarrel wi’ my sister, Mr. Glegg, and it’s false to say it. Mr. Tulliver’s none o’ my blood; and it was him quarrelled with me, and drove me out o’ the house. But perhaps you’d have had me stay,

and be swore at, Mr. Glegg; perhaps you was vexed not to hear more abuse and foul language poured out upo' your own wife. But, let me tell you, it's *your* disgrace.'

"'Did ever anybody hear the like i' this parish?'" said Mr. Glegg, getting hot. 'A woman, with everything provided for her, and allowed to keep her own money the same as if it was settled on her, and with a gig new stuffed and lined at no end o' expense, and provided for when I die beyond anything she could expect . . . to go on i' this way, biting and snapping like a mad dog! It's beyond everything as God A'mighty should ha' made women so.' (These last words were uttered in a tone of sorrowful agitation. Mr. Glegg pushed his tea from him, and tapped the table with both his hands.)

"'Well, Mr. Glegg! if those are your feelings, it's best they should be known,' said Mrs. Glegg, taking off her napkin, and folding it in an excited manner. 'But if you talk o' my being provided for beyond what I could expect, I beg leave to tell you as I'd a right to expect a many things as I don't find. And as to my being like a mad dog, it's well if you're not cried shame on by the county for your treatment of me, for it's what I can't bear, and I won't bear—'

"Here Mrs. Glegg's voice intimated that she was going to cry, and, breaking off from speech, she rang the bell violently.

"'Sally,' she said, rising from her chair, and speaking in rather a choked voice, 'light a fire up stairs, and put the blinds down. Mr. Glegg, you'll please to order what you'd like for dinner. I shall have gruel.'" — pp. 111–114.

The quaint aphorisms, the piquant allusions, the gems of thought, scattered through these books, are well worthy of being garnered,—so also the longer reflections. These are never unseasonable, for they are suggested by the course of the story, and come in easily and naturally. We never suspect George Eliot, as we sometimes do other authors, of contriving incidents merely to introduce long reflections. The spontaneity of her remarks is as fresh as her stories, so we enjoy both pudding and sauce; whereas with many books we are tempted to eat the pudding solely for the rich and appetizing sauce. It has been urged that the influence of these books is pernicious, that the depicting of many of its scenes familiarizes the mind with vice, or, in the words of a "gray-headed reviewer," "that the effect of such fictions must be to render those who fall under their influence

unfit for practical exertion, while they most assuredly do grievous harm in many cases, by intruding on minds which ought to be guarded from impurity the unnecessary knowledge of evil." These objections seem to us, in George Eliot's case, very hypercritical. In the first place she is eminently practical in her teachings, and she clearly inculcates the truth that duty is something more than good intentions or noble impulses, — that it is our actions which must determine our life, not our transient emotions. It is the height of absurdity, then, to assert that she unfits her readers for practical exertion; such a charge must arise from either prejudice or ignorance. In regard to the other objection, we agree with Macaulay, that "the virtue which the world wants is a healthful virtue, not a valetudinarian virtue; a virtue which can expose itself to the risks inseparable from all spirited exertion, — not a virtue which keeps out of the common air for fear of infection, and eschews the common food as too stimulating."

ART. V. — MÜLLER'S HISTORY OF VEDIC LITERATURE.

A History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature, so far as it illustrates the Primitive Religion of the Brahmans. By MAX MÜLLER, M. A., etc. London: Williams and Norgate. 1859. 8vo. pp. xix., 607.

THIS, the latest work of one of the foremost Oriental scholars of the present day, upon a subject of high and general interest in the history of literature, well deserves at our hands more than a passing notice. Its author, who is doubtless well known by reputation, or by his works, to most of our readers, is a German by birth; but he has been so long established in England, he has attached himself by so many ties to English institutions and English society, he has made so numerous and so important contributions to English scientific literature, that he is fairly to be regarded as naturalized, and a citizen of the country of his adoption. He has been, these ten years past, Professor in one of the colleges which make up the Uni-

versity of Oxford, and, more recently, Fellow in another. We had hoped to be able to add that he now also filled the chair, in the same University, of the Boden Professorship of Sanskrit, lately left vacant by the lamented death of the learned and venerable Horace Hayman Wilson, and for the succession to which an animated canvass has been carried on during the past few months between several competing candidates; but the contest has just ended in the election of another person. At this result all who truly apprehend and have earnestly at heart the interests of Oriental learning in England have a right to be both disappointed and surprised, since Müller is by far the most eminent of living English Indianists, — the only one whose name is inseparably connected with the progress of knowledge in the history, archæology, and literature of India. We can only attribute so marked a failure to put the right man in the right place to an unworthy prejudice against his foreign birth; a prejudice, we well know how easy to excite and how hard to allay, but from which a man of his superior claims and eminent services to English scholarship should have been the last to suffer.

To the general scholar, Müller is best known by his contributions to historical philology and mythology, and to linguistic ethnology. Especially has the little manual of linguistic and ethnological science published by him some years ago, under the rather uncouth title of “Languages of the Seat of War in the East,” done much to diffuse, in England and in this country, valuable information and correct views respecting the affiliations of nations and of languages. Such works, however, have been among his lighter and less engrossing occupations; his main labor has been the elucidation of the earliest period of Indian antiquity — the Vedic — and the publication of the literary monuments by which it is illustrated. Search after manuscripts of the Rig-Veda, and after a publisher willing to assume the great cost and risk of giving it to the world, first brought him to England, and the assistance of Wilson, and the patronage extended by the East India Company to his undertaking, fixed him in that country. Of the edition of the text and commentary of the oldest Veda, issued under his careful editorship, three bulky quartos, containing rather more than

half of the entire work, have left the press, and the series is still advancing toward its completion ; although, unfortunately, much too slowly for the impatience of those who are to make use of it, and who are ready to quarrel with Müller over every hour which he steals, for the benefit of a larger public, from hurrying to its completion the task specially committed to his charge, — that of furnishing them with the most important, the most indispensable, of all the works composing the Sanskrit literature. In the preface to his first volume (published in 1849) the learned editor promised the world, as an important aid to the general understanding and appreciation of his work, an introductory memoir on the whole body of the Vedic literature ; the volume before us is issued in fulfilment of that promise, circumstances which he explains in his prefatory remarks having necessarily deferred its appearance until this late date. The delay is the less to be regretted, as Professor Müller has had opportunity during the interval to extend his investigations into the subject of which he was to treat, making them both spread wider and penetrate deeper. The vast extent of this literature, the general inaccessibility of its monuments, — which exist only in manuscript, and are to be found in but two or three great libraries, — and its intricate and difficult character, combine to put the fruits it is capable of yielding out of reach of anything but long-continued and indefatigable study, united with rare penetration, and favored with special opportunity. There is hardly a scholar living who has delved so deep into the mine as Müller, and universal thanks are due him, not only for what he has himself brought to light, but for the ways and adits which he has opened and cleared of obstacles for future laborers.

The object of the work may be summarily stated as follows : to present a general view of the whole Vedic literature ; to define its extent ; to divide it into well-distinguished classes of writings ; to describe the peculiar characters and exhibit the mutual relations of these classes ; to portray the circumstances of their origin, and the stage of cultural development which they represent ; to explain the method of their preservation and transmission to us ; and to determine approximately their chronological period. By accomplishing this,

our author desires to vindicate to the Veda the position to which it is justly entitled among the literary records of the human race. Without following him into the details of his investigations, which are calculated to interest rather the special student of Indian archæology than the general reader, we will direct our attention and criticism to some of the main results arrived at by him, and the method by which they are attained.

Professor Müller divides the Vedic literature into three principal classes, the Hymns, the Brahmanas, and the Sutras. This is the natural and obvious division which presents itself to the student upon his first nearer acquaintance with the matter which it concerns. It may be traced even in the original essay by Colebrooke (*Asiatic Researches*, Vol. VIII., 1805), which was the commencement of the world's knowledge of the Veda; and it has since been well and clearly drawn out by Weber, in his "*Lectures on the History of Indian Literature.*" The three classes are quite distinct, and even separated from one another by broad and marked lines of division. We will briefly review their chief characteristics.

The Hymns, constituting the bulk of the four collections known as Rig-Veda, Sama-Veda, Yajur-Veda, and Atharva-Veda, are the earliest portion, the nucleus, of the whole sacred canon, the root out of which all the rest has grown. They are, in the main, the sacred songs with which, in the infancy of Hindu nationality, at the dawning time of Hindu culture, before the origin of caste, before the birth of Siva, Vishnu, or Brahma, before the rise of the ceremonialism, the pantheism, the superstition and idolatry of later times, the ancestors of the Hindu people praised the nature-gods in whom they believed, and accompanied and made acceptable their offerings. Written in an obscure and antiquated dialect, as far removed from the classical Sanskrit as is the English of Chaucer from that of the present day; moving in a sphere of life, thought, and feeling which is almost primitive in its simplicity; offering fragments of language, of belief, of mythology, which bear a wondrous resemblance to what is earliest in their kind among the traditions of the nations lying westward, even to the Atlantic,—they are the most ancient literary

memorials of the Indo-European family, and hardly less an authority for Indo-European than for Indian archæology and history. This is especially true of the earliest and principal collection, the Rig-Veda, of more than a thousand hymns, and more than ten thousand stanzas; the Sama-Veda is a liturgical selection of verses found almost wholly in the former; the Yajur-Veda is an assemblage of parts of hymns and ceremonial formulas used in the sacrifices, and contains much prose, and much matter of a later date, mingled with its more ancient portions; while the Atharvan is, almost throughout, of a more modern origin and of an inferior character, and in its prose passages verges nearly upon the literature of the second class.

The Brahmanas differ widely from the Hymns, in form and in spirit, and are of a notably later period. They grew up after the Hymns had come to be looked upon as inspired and sacred, as the most precious legacy handed down from an earlier age, as containing the whole sum of revealed truth, and as miraculously efficacious in removing sin, winning divine favor, and gaining good fortune and happiness,—after their special possession had led to the uprising of a Brahmanic caste, charged with the exclusive ministration, and gifted with the exclusive authority, in all the concerns of religion,—after the development of an elaborate ceremonial and ritual, the distinction of the different orders of priests, and the detailed assignment of their respective duties. The Brahmanas* are in prose; they were brought forth in the schools of the Brahmanic priesthood, and contain the lucubrations of the leading caste upon matters theological and ceremonial: dogma, mythology, legend, philosophy, exegesis, explication, etymology, are confusedly mingled together in their pages.

* Müller (p. 172) regards the name Brahmana as intended to signify that the works in question were composed for and by Brahmans. The accuracy of the explanation admits of question. The word, taken in this sense, seems to mean both too little and too much. On the one hand; the Brahmanas were claimed to be of divine origin; on the other hand, they were no more the exclusive property of the Brahmanic caste than the other parts of the Vedic literature. We are inclined to prefer the more usual derivation from *brahman*, taken in the sense of "worship, mystery of worship," thus understanding the word to mean "the sayings or works which have to do with worship."

While they contain valuable fragments of thought and tradition, they are in general most tediously discursive, verbose, and artificial, and in no small part absolutely puerile and inane. There are a considerable number of treatises still extant which bear the title of Brahmana, and many others, now lost, are found variously cited or referred to. They attach themselves to the different Vedas, or collections of hymns, and emanate from different schools of Vedic study; in part, however, they are only varying versions, current in the different schools, of the same original. They are called by the names of the schools by which they were transmitted, and are ascribed to no personal authors: the Hindu belief regards them — no less than the more ancient Hymns — as revealed. The Hymns and the Brahmanas together constitute what is called the *sruti*, literally “audition, hearing;” that is to say, that which was listened to and reported by those to whom the Divinity vouchsafed to make his revelations. Some portions of the Brahmana literature are confessed to be a more modern appendix to it; they are the so-called forest-treatises (*Aran-yakas*), or works prepared for the edification of those who have retired to live a life of contemplative solitude and ascetism in the woods, — as it is theoretically the duty of every Brahmanic householder to do, after a certain period of life. In the forest-treatises are contained the most ancient and authentic of the Upanishads. This familiar name is employed to designate a class of little philosophico-theological treatises, which have always been the chief intermediaries between the Veda and the modern schools of philosophy and religion, and so have had a greater practical importance for the Hindu people than any other portion of the Vedic literature. In the general estimation, they partake to the fullest extent of the sacred character of a divine revelation, but they are in fact of very heterogeneous origin and date, some of them being even altogether modern.

To illustrate, in a rough way, things unfamiliar by things familiar, we might compare the position and consideration of the Brahmanas to that of the works of the Fathers in the literature of Christianity. Or, their relation to the text to which they profess to attach themselves is more nearly that of the

Talmud to the Hebrew Scriptures ; and yet they stand farther removed, in spirit and in time, from the Vedas, than does the Talmud from the Bible. The widest gulf, perhaps, in the history of the Hindu religion and its literature, is that between them and the Hymns ; for in them we have already started upon that career of nominal dependence on the Vedas, but real misapprehension and disregard of their true meaning, which characterizes the whole after course of religious development in India. Of course, then, they are more relied upon and made use of by the speculators and system-makers of after times than the Hymns themselves. Yet they contain no elaborated and consistent system, either of religious or of philosophical doctrine ; their dark utterances are pressed into the service of all the sects and schools of the later period.

As has been already noticed, only the Hymns and the Brahmanas are looked upon as divinely inspired, and to them alone, accordingly, properly belongs the general title of *Veda*, "knowledge ;" taken together, they constitute the complete sum and substance of what best deserves and most requires to be learned. The third class of writings which must still be added to make up the tale of the Vedic literature is of a confessedly subordinate and auxiliary character. It is composed of such works as may be ranked as *vedangas*, "limbs or members of the Veda." According to the current Hindu classification, these "members" are six, viz. : — 1st. Orthoepey, instruction in whatever is necessary to enable the student to utter with the most precise accuracy the verses of the Veda, — since a mistake of pronunciation is no less fatal to their acceptance and efficacy than any more essential error in their application ; 2d. Prosody, the doctrine of the metres in which the hymns are composed ; 3d. Grammar in general, treating of the derivation, formation, and signification of the words of Scripture ; 4th. Exegesis, the proper understanding of the texts and the explanation of difficulties of meaning ; 5th. Ceremonial, the conduct of the sacrifices, and the employment in them of the hymns and sacred formulas ; 6th. Astronomy, the regulation of the calendar, and the determination of the times of sacrifice. Carrying out the figure implied in their common title, these branches of knowledge are styled, respectively, the nose, the feet, the mouth, the ears, the

hands, and the eyes of the Veda. Originally and properly, these are subjects, rather than definite works or classes of works, and receive their illustration both from the Brahmanas themselves and from any other sources. More lately, however, some of them have certain special treatises allotted to them as their representatives. The fifth Vedanga is the most fully and suitably represented of them all, occupying the principal part of the third class of Vedic writings, the Sūtras.

The word *sūtra* means literally "string, line:" it is applied to these works either because they are to be regarded as the line or rule to which everything is to be brought, and by which judged, or else because they are a series of brief, connected rules, strung together, as it were. The latter derivation is the one preferred by Müller, and it is well suited to describe their form. In them, by a usage the antipodes of that of the Brahmanas, brevity and conciseness are carried to the farthest possible extreme; lucid arrangement, connection, intelligibility, are all sacrificed to a passion for economizing words. This style of composition, first appearing in the Sūtras, is adopted in whole classes of writings of a later period, as in the fundamental treatises of the philosophical schools, and in the textbooks of grammar; the standard work of Panini, the grammarian-in-chief of Sanskrit literature, is a frightfully perfect model of the *sūtra* method. The Sūtras are of several kinds. The so-called *śrauta-sūtras* explain the grand and public religious rites, ceremonies, and sacrifices, founding themselves, as their name denotes, more especially upon the *śruti*, or revelation. The *grihya-sūtras* (from *griha*, "house") deal with the domestic and private religious duties of the householder, — such as those which must be performed at the birth of a child, at his investiture with the Brahmanic cord, at marriage, at sepulture, and the like. And there is still another class, the *samayacharika-sūtras*, distinguished by Müller from the *grihya-sūtras*, with which they have ordinarily been confounded, which concern general duty and behavior, the right conduct of life. Out of these have grown, later, the metrical law-books, as the famous Laws of Manu, which are still accepted in India as the rule of right between man and man. A familiar and comprehensive name for all this department of literature is *smṛiti*, "remem-

brance;" that is, what is handed down by ordinary tradition from the ancient teachers. Though not looked upon as of divine origin, the Sutras are regarded with the highest respect and veneration, as authoritative expositions of right and duty. As, in its early portions, this literature verges somewhat upon the later productions of the Brahmana period, so its limit in the other direction, the line which separates it from works not to be reckoned as Vedic, is a rather evanescent one. The most important of the works belonging to the *sutra* division, which yet are not included under the denomination *sutra* taken in its narrower sense, are doubtless the *pratisakhyas*, little treatises on phonetics, details of pronunciation and reading, and peculiarities of external form, which attach themselves to the different hymn-texts: they constitute, probably, the earliest distinctively grammatical literature in existence, and exhibit a very remarkable acuteness of apprehension, and subtlety of distinction, in matters phonetical. The *anukramanis*, or detailed indices to the texts, giving their divisions, the length, author, and theme of each hymn, and the metre of every verse, also deserve special mention. Both these classes of works are of most essential service in throwing light upon the critical history of the different collections.

We need not go farther in describing the Vedic literature; enough has been said to give a view of it which is sufficiently distinct for our present purpose. We could not, without entering into details altogether unsuited to a paper like this, do justice to the erudition and acuteness of combination displayed by our author in treating of the classification and description of this literature, his excerption from it of valuable notices, and his determination of the character, origin, and mutual relations of the various works of which it is composed. It is little to say that there is hardly another scholar living who can walk with so firm and confident a step through the whole wide-extended field of the Hindu sacred lore, a field hitherto so pathless in its obscurities, and in great part so unattractive in its barrenness.

We may next follow Professor Müller in his attempt to establish a chronological groundwork for the Vedic literature. How extremely delicate and difficult a task this is wont to be in

matters affecting the literary history of India, is sufficiently known to all who have had any occasion to deal with the subject. What wild and baseless theories respecting the dates of events, and the periods of works, or classes of works, in Hindu antiquity, have been built up and accepted, only to be overthrown again and forgotten ! But also what learned and cautious conclusions upon like subjects have been drawn by critical scholars, to be proved fallacious and set aside by farther research ! It can scarcely be said that there is a single Sanskrit work, not of quite modern authorship, in existence, whatever be its prominence and importance, over the period of which there reigns not an uncertainty to be measured only by centuries. The one reliable date which we possess for Indian history, until times long posterior to the Christian era, is furnished by the Greek accounts of the Indian sovereign "Sandrocottus," contemporary of the early successors of Alexander. That this is the king called by the Hindus Chandragupta, the founder of a new dynasty upon the Ganges, there can be no reasonable doubt ; luckily, the prominence of his grandson, Asoka, in Buddhist history, as the Constantine of Buddhism, the first who gave that religion supremacy in India, has led to the preservation of such trustworthy accounts of him as permit the satisfactory identification of the two personages. This datum is well styled by our author the sheet-anchor of Indian chronology ; without it we should be, even respecting the most important eras of Indian history, drifting almost hopelessly at sea. If there has been, besides this, any date in which nearly all students of Hindu archæology have acquiesced, agreeing to regard it as satisfactorily established, it has been that of the death of Buddha, as supposed to be fixed by the Buddhists of Ceylon, at B. C. 543. But, in the work now under consideration, Professor Müller attacks with powerful arguments the authenticity and credibility of this date also : he points out that the Ceylon data, if compared with and corrected by the Greek era of Chandragupta, indicate rather 477 than 543 B. C. as Buddha's death-year ; and he argues farther, that the data themselves contain an artificial and arbitrary element which destroys their faith ; and that back of the great synod under Asoka, about 250 B. C., we really know

nothing of the chronology of Buddhism. From this conclusion we do not ourselves feel inclined to dissent; the considerations adduced by Müller as the ground of his scepticism are not easily to be set aside; and we have been taught, by long and sad experience, that a Hindu date is not a thing that one can clutch and hold. But while we pay our author homage in his character of Siva the Destroyer, we cannot show him equal reverence when he acts the part of Brahma the Constructor; for the basis of evidence on which he founds his system of chronology for the Vedic literature seems to us far less substantial than that which had been relied upon to establish the date of Buddha's entrance upon nihility. Let us briefly review his reasonings. He begins with laying down as strongly as possible the marked distinctness of the periods represented by the three principal classes of the Vedic literature, showing that each class necessarily presupposes the existence and full development of that which precedes it: as regards the two later classes, he dwells upon the native distinction of them as *sruti* and *smṛiti*, "revelation" and "tradition," respectively, contending that this implies a recognition of the latter as of notably later origin than the other. He farther divides the period of the Hymns into two, that of their composition and that of their collection and arrangement: the former he styles the *chhandas* period, the period of spontaneous poetic productiveness; the latter is the *mantra* period, that in which this poetry had become invested with a conventional and adscititious character, — had become *mantra*, "sacred formula." To such a division no Vedic scholar will refuse assent; the wide difference, in time and in character, between the singers and the diaskeuasts of the hymns has long been recognized, and has only failed to be marked by a suitable and happy nomenclature; that proposed by our author will probably henceforth be generally adopted. Professor Müller thus establishes four chronological steps, or separate and successive epochs of time; and, save that we may regard it as still uncertain how far these periods have interlaced with, or even slightly overlapped one another, we find nothing in his method to criticise. But now, in order to obtain a starting-point in time, from which to reckon the series backward, Müller in the first place

adopts as sufficiently established the current date of the grammarian Panini, as a contemporary of the sovereign Nanda, who ruled in Hindustan not long before Chandragupta, or in the fourth century before Christ. This contemporaneousness rests solely upon the authority of a passage in a wild and extravagant tale, one of a collection of such tales, a kind of Hindu Arabian Nights' Entertainments, gathered in their present form about the twelfth century after Christ. Müller, as others before him, seeks to recognize in the passage in question a fragment of genuine tradition. We cannot agree with him in attributing to it with any confidence such a character. It looks to us far more like an arbitrary interweaving of some of the great names of antiquity into a fanciful story. Our author himself says (p. 300): "Nowhere except in Indian history should we feel justified in ascribing any weight to the vague traditions contained in popular stories which were written down more than a thousand years after the event." But if nowhere else, then *a fortiori* not in India; for surely there is no other country where tradition and fiction are so entangled with one another, where *quasi* traditions have more deliberately been manufactured by the wholesale, where it is so hard to tell whether we have before us at any given time a popular historical reminiscence or the arbitrary figment of an individual, — where, indeed, the latter is so capable of taking on the appearance, and fulfilling the functions, of the former. Were there other distinct evidences to the same effect, this might be worthy to be brought in as corroboratory; as the main basis of a whole chronological system, it is, to our apprehension, of no value. In order, next, to make out a synchronism between Panini and some part of the Vedic literature, our author accepts the identification of a Katyayana who is said to have made corrective additions to Panini's grammar, with a Katyayana to whom are ascribed certain works of the *sutra* class. Here, we think, is another fatally weak point in the chain of reasoning. The identification is made by a Hindu commentator of late date; and this is testimony of which, for the reasons already stated, we greatly suspect the worth and credibility. We know the laxity of the tradition of authorship in India, whose literature consists in so great part of works either

anonymous or ascribed to clearly false and fictitious authors ; we know the tendency to attach numerous compositions to certain prominent names ; and we recognize the name of Katya-yana as one of this class. It may not be quite impossible that the same individual should have written all the various works which are ascribed to him ; but it is at least highly improbable, and not sufficiently vouched by any evidence as yet brought forward. A date which reposes upon such asserted authorship, as connected by a fairy story with the period of a certain monarch, is to us no date at all, but only a possibility ; and hence we regard our author's determination of the period of the *sutra* literature as 600 – 200 B. C., as a mere conjectural hypothesis, which is not fairly entitled even to temporary and provisional acceptance. He is careful at the outset not to put it forth as anything more than this ; thus he says (p. 241) : “ It will readily be seen how entirely hypothetical all these arguments are.” But the farther he goes on in building up the superstructure, the more he is willing to forget the weakness of the foundation ; sixty pages later (p. 300), he tells us respecting the date of Chandragupta, that it “ enables us to fix chronologically an important period in the literature of India, the Sutra period,” and thenceforth his readers are not encouraged to keep in mind his earlier warnings.

Support is sought to be obtained for the epoch 600 – 200 B. C. from a relation of the *sutra* style to the history of Buddhism ; as if the abandonment of the old discursive and assuming tone of the Brahmanas for the conciseness of the early Sutras had been due to the rise and spread of the new doctrine, which compelled the Brahmans to bate their arrogance, and seek to maintain themselves by adopting a more intelligible and acceptable method of instruction ; and as if the weakness and slovenliness of the latest fragments of the literature of the fourth period told of the decay of Brahmanic learning in the days of Buddhistic supremacy. The theory exhibits much acuteness, and is not altogether wanting in plausibility ; but it has not convincing force, and itself needs support, instead of being able to prop up effectively another hypothesis which has not strength to stand alone.

Adopting 600 – 200 B. C. as the period of the *sutra* litera-

ture, our author assumes that each of the two which preceded it may have lasted for a couple of centuries, and accordingly suggests as the epoch of the composition of the Vedic Hymns the time prior to 1000 B. C. ; or, if to it be assigned the same length as to the two succeeding epochs, 1200-1000 B. C. To this date for the beginnings of Hindu history and culture no one will deny at least the merit of extreme modesty and caution : it stands in this respect in most refreshing contrast with the theorizings of many others who have had occasion to treat the same point. The era of the Vedic poets is more likely to have preceded, perhaps considerably, the time thus allotted to it, than to have been more modern. In the present state of the investigation, we can only say that nothing has yet been brought to light which should prove it to lie within two or three centuries of any given point : the calculations and conjectures of Professor Müller cannot be looked upon as having in any essential matter contributed to the final settlement of the question. Doubtless he would himself make no such pretensions in their favor ; but he is in danger of being misunderstood as doing so : we have already more than once seen it stated that " Müller has ascertained the date of the Vedas to be 1200-1000 B. C.," or to that effect. Hence we have felt the more called upon to bring out as plainly as possible the true state of the case,—that he has neither attempted nor accomplished more than this : by confining himself to a single method of inquiry, and taking the best evidence which offered itself within his limits, to conjecture an approximate period for the Vedic history, one against the assumption of which no powerful hostile evidence is derivable from the Sanskrit literature, so far as known to us at present. It is, upon the whole, clear that a final positive determination of the controversy, if ever attained, must be arrived at, not by following any one clew, however faithfully and perseveringly, but by carefully combining all evidences, whether literary, historical, astronomical, or of whatever other character they may be. Professor Müller can by no means be blamed for adhering to the general methods of his work, and refraining from entering upon those other lines of inquiry ; but we should have been better satisfied if he had guarded against misappre-

hension by at least referring to their existence, and their indispensableness to the full solution of his problem.*

To our knowledge of the method of preservation and tradition of the Vedic literature, Professor Müller's contributions are of the highest value and importance: upon many points in this intricate and difficult subject he has thrown a vastly clearer light. It is a well-known fact, that we have before us the text of the Vedic hymns, as handed down from a remoteness of date, and with a perfection of preservation, which, taken together, are truly wonderful, and without a parallel in the history of ancient literatures. Müller is of opinion that the great collection of the Rig-Veda, with its 10,500 double verses, can be fully proved to have been in existence — of its present extent, with its present arrangement, and in precisely its present form — since at least 800 B. C.; and there appears no reason to regard the claim as unfounded or exaggerated. And this vast body of popular poetry is placed in our hands in a state of perfect keeping, without any corruptions or various readings which deserve mention. The external means and appliances by the help of which this remarkable result has been attained — the apparatus of different text-forms, grammars of peculiarities of reading, indexes of subject and metre, and the like — are for the most part well known, and some of them have been referred to by us above: the internal economy of the great system of tradition and study, by which these means were

* Other rather striking instances have attracted our attention in the course of the work, where our author has, as if on principle, limited himself to a single kind of evidence bearing upon a point which he is discussing, (generally the direct testimony of Indian commentators, or such like authority,) while ignoring the existence of other evidence of a more unequivocal kind. We will cite an example. When speaking of one of the *Pratisakhya*s, that of the *Atharva-Veda*, he leaves his readers (p. 139) to understand that it is proved to belong to the *Atharvan* by the opening invocation of its manuscript, — no integral part of the work itself, — by the citation of one of its rules by the commentator of another *Pratisakhya*, and by a not very significant reference to *Atharvan* sacrifices in a passage of its own commentary. Whereas, in fact, the work is so full of citations from and references to the text which is its subject, that it is shown to belong to the *Atharva-Veda* quite in the same way as a copy of *Stuart's Commentary on Daniel*, for instance, might be proved, with its title-page and preface torn out, to concern itself with the *Book of Daniel*. If the collection known and published as the *Atharva-Veda* be entitled to that name, this cannot possibly be any other work than the *Atharva-Veda Pratisakhya*.

originated and made to subserve their purpose, has been much harder of comprehension. Each of the Vedic texts which we possess presents itself to us as the *textus receptus* of a "school" of Vedic study, as the peculiar property of that school, and as called by its name: and although we have, of three of the collections, but a single text, emanating from a single school, we yet read of other texts and other schools; while of the Yajur-Veda we find at least four schools, represented each by its text, the texts exhibiting decided differences of reading and arrangement. Respecting the Rig-Veda, we have information that certain of its schools differed from one another only in accepting as canonical, or rejecting as the contrary, a few supplementary hymns which the manuscripts give us: farther than this, we are left to conjecture and inference. Our author gathers up all the notices which he has been able to glean from Hindu authorities respecting the various schools and their affiliations and relations, and presents a more complete statistical picture of them, and gives distincter and more intimate views of their character and workings, than have ever before been made known. He supposes that some of them were founded upon differences in the received texts of the original hymn-collections, and that these were the oldest to which the name "school of the Veda" was applied: that others, of later origin, accepted the same text, but disagreed as to the Brahmana with which they connected it, — although, even here, he finds no reason to believe in the existence of originally distinct Brahmanas, but only of varying versions, with some additions or retrenchments of one and the same primary text: still other schools he regards as founded upon differences in the Sutras adopted, while they agree in both hymn-text and Brahmana. This whole condition of things he explains by the method of tradition through which he conceives that the Vedas and their attendant literature were handed down, for centuries after the collection of the former, and during the whole period of origination of the latter. The method was, according to him, exclusively oral, the art of writing having been throughout unknown or unused. In a text so preserved, differences of reading could not, of course, help creeping in unnoticed among the schools of the Brahmanic priesthood; and

when these differences were brought to light by comparison, each text would be stoutly adhered to and defended as true and original by those whose property it was. Professor Müller makes the happily illustrative comparison of each *sakha*, or *textus receptus* of a school, to a special and slightly peculiar edition of the original collection, and likens the different members of the school, or *charana*, to the copies constituting the edition: each edition, then, either became by degrees extinct, by the destruction of all its copies,—that is to say, by the death without successor of the members of the school,—or it was kept in existence by their renewal, as the place of each generation was filled by new disciples, who had spent the best years of their youth in learning by heart the sacred texts, with a persevering labor, a minute care, and a grasp and retentiveness of memory, of which we find it difficult to form an adequate conception.

This is evidently a view as startling as it is new. We have already above seen reason to wonder at the remarkable preservation, during so many ages, of the early Vedic literature; how immensely must our wonder be increased, if we are to believe that the preservation was accomplished, until a comparatively very recent period, by dint of memory alone! that not only were the primitive hymns produced by an age which knew no letters, and long handed down by oral tradition,—which no one has ever questioned,—but that they were collected, classified, arranged, divided and subdivided by different methods; that there grew up, as attached to them, the voluminous prose literature of the Brahmanas, a literature of style most unsuited to preservation by memory, being insufferably discursive, prolix, and tedious; that the texts became the subjects of a most minute and penetrating objective study; that a phonetical science, nowhere else surpassed, busied itself with the minutest details of their reading and pronunciation; that a formal and etymological grammar arose out of the comparison of their dialect with that of common life; and all without the help of any written record, but by the means solely of oral teaching, memorial retention, and internal rumination and study;—this, if true, is certainly one of the very strangest and most wonderful phenomena which the history of universal

literature has to offer, and must very seriously modify some of the general laws hitherto laid down with regard to the period and method of origin of ancient literatures.

The evidence upon which Professor Müller relies to prove his thesis — besides the fact that it seems best to explain the mode of activity of the ancient schools of the Veda — is, mainly, the absence of any allusions to books, letters, or writing in the whole body of Vedic works, and the evident assumption made by even the latest of them, that all instruction is to be given and received only by the mouth and ear. The fact of this absence must be conceded : Müller is entitled to speak with authority upon the point, nor has any one been able to bring forward a reference or a citation which militates against his statements. It would seem that, if anywhere in the Vedic literature, evidence of a knowledge of the art of writing ought to be discovered in the *Pratisakhya*s, which deal with the peculiarities and irregularities of the hymn-texts, and with all the niceties of utterance, and which exhibit a developed grammatical terminology ; but it is certainly not there to be found. Among all their technical terms there is not one which implies the existence of a written sign for the spoken sound ; not one of their rules is so framed as to apply to a recorded text. Our author calls attention to the repeated allusions of the Hebrew Scriptures to books and writing ; he refers to the revolutions caused in the literatures of other nations by the introduction of the use of letters ; and he asks, with much apparent reason, whether it can be supposed that no such allusions should be found in the Hindu literature, were the art of writing known during the periods of its growth ; or that such an event as its invention or communication could supervene between the beginning and end of the Vedic epoch without leaving its evident traces on the contemporary literature. Any objection which we might be inclined to make on the score of the impossibility that the Brahmanic memory should have been capable of bearing such a burden so long and so well, or the Brahmanic mind able to work so actively and produce so much under its load, he anticipates by pleading that we are not authorized to judge the capacity of the ancient Hindu memory by what our own can do, demoralized as it is by long

habits of reliance upon records ; he alludes to the extraordinary instances of power of verbal memory of which we sometimes read among uncultivated peoples ; he insists upon the single devotion of the Brahman student to the work of acquiring the traditional literature of his school, the long continuance of his student-life, — which may extend itself to forty-eight years in the case of one who makes sacred learning his life's business, — and the demonstrably oral character of the instruction given in the schools of the priesthood, down even to a very recent date.

We do not, however, feel content to have the consideration of possibility ruled summarily out of the discussion of this question. We may consent to waive our claim to interpose a plea of absolute and utter impossibility, admitting of no argument, to quash our author's cause ; but it would be most unreasonable in us not to bear in mind that the difficulty attending his view is so great that it verges nearly upon impossibility, and gives us a right to take refuge in almost any other tolerable theory, though itself beset with difficulties of its own. To our own mind, we confess, the improbability of Professor Müller's views is overwhelming ; we cannot deem them sufficiently fortified even by the powerful negative evidence which he adduces in their support. The obscurity which rests over so much of the political, institutional, and literary history of India weighs in full measure upon the history of writing also, the source, the period, the method of its introduction into the peninsula, and its extension there. There is, so far as we know, an utter absence even of tradition upon the subject. The earliest existing written monuments in India to which a date can be assigned are the inscriptions of the Buddhist monarch Asoka, which come down to us from the middle of the third century before Christ. The Sanskrit had then already ceased to be the language of the people, and these edicts are composed in Prakritic dialects. Weber has endeavored to show that the earliest alphabet exhibits signs of derivation from Semitic forms of writing, and that, accordingly, like almost all other known modes of written speech, it traces its origin ultimately to the venerable Phœnician ; and, considering the antecedent probabilities of the case, the evi-

dence collected is sufficient to make the conclusion a plausible one; more than that could hardly be claimed in its favor. The testimony of the Greeks, of Alexander's time and later, is unfortunately by no means so clear and unequivocal upon this point as were desirable, and has by different writers been understood to indicate that the Hindus did, and that they did not, have the use of letters at that period. Professor Müller's interpretation of it, as exposed in his present work, seems to us doubtless the true one: namely, that letters were plainly in use, and that not as a thing of late introduction; but that in practical employment they were restricted, and that in the important and serious matter of the administration of justice no recourse was had to written codes, judgment being pronounced upon memorial authorities alone. We are to believe, our author says, that the ancient Hindus possessed the art of writing, but did not apply it to literary purposes. This may perhaps be correctly paraphrased by saying that in the ordinary and practical concerns of life letters were gladly resorted to, but that they were neglected by the wise and learned, or by the literary and priestly caste, and ignored in connection with the higher classes of literature, especially the sacred,—which is very nearly our own view of the whole matter. Something of this strange condition of things, this refusal to allow the claim of letters to be admitted into good society, is to be traced even down to a late period in Indian literature. Our author's estimate of the date of the great grammarian Panini compels him to admit that to that author the art of writing must have been known; yet in his whole work there can be found but one single word which seems to imply such a knowledge; his grammar is founded upon, and executed in, the assumption of a literature wholly memorized, no less than the Vedic treatises,—some of which, according to Professor Müller, are of a yet later date than Panini. This fact greatly impairs the force of one of our author's arguments, already noticed by us: letters certainly have been brought into use, if not earlier known, during the latter part of the Vedic period, without making an era, altering the former literary methods, or even obtaining distinct recognition on the part of the learned. Such recognition, indeed, in

connection with the sacred literature, they were never able to win. Müller cites from various sources the curses pronounced against those who shall presume to write the Veda, or cause it to be written, and all religious instruction is declared worthless, or even positively sinful, which is derived from written sources. That would be a highly curious investigation which should determine just how much of the existing Sanskrit literature — exclusive of that of a quite late date, or of a decidedly popular character — clearly acknowledges the existence of an alphabet, or method of writing; and we think that it would develop some rather startling results. We know that there are complete astronomical treatises extant, from which one would be authorized to draw the conclusion, by Professor Müller's method, that the Hindus among whom they originated could neither write nor cipher: perhaps he would endeavor to convince us that, after all, the thing were not impossible: do we not now and then meet with mathematical prodigies, who can work out by an unassisted mental operation the most abstruse and complicated problems?

It is not very difficult to conjecture a reason why the Brahmans may, while acquainted with letters, have rigorously ignored them, and interdicted their confessed use, in connection with the sacred literature. The Brahman priesthood was originally a class only, which grew into a close hereditary caste on the strength, mainly, of their special possession of the ancient hymns, and their knowledge of how these were to be employed with due effect in the various offices of religion. The hymns had unquestionably long been handed down by oral tradition, from generation to generation, in the custody of certain families or branches of the caste; each family having chiefly in its charge the lyrics which its own ancestors had first sung. These were their most treasured possession, the source of their influence and authority. It might, then, naturally enough be feared, that, if committed to the charge of written documents, when writing came to be known and practised among the more cultivated of the people, — a class which could not be entirely restricted to the Brahmanic caste, — if suffered to be openly copied and circulated, passed from hand to hand, examined by profane eyes, — the sacred texts would become

the property of the nation at large, and the Brahmanic monopoly of them be broken down. If, on the contrary, the old method of oral instruction alone in sacred things were rigidly kept up, if all open and general use of written texts were strictly forbidden, it is clear that the schools of Brahmanic theology would flourish, and remain the sole medium of transmission of the sacred knowledge, and that the doctrines and rites of religion would be kept under the control of the caste. Thus, while oral tradition continued to be the exoteric practice, writing might still be resorted to esoterically; collections might be made and arranged, treatises composed, texts compared and studied, by the initiated, while the results were communicated to the schools by oral teaching, and memorized by the neophytes.

We would not put this theory forward with too much confidence, as affording a sufficient and satisfactory explanation of all the facts involved in the question at issue;* but it seems to us at any rate less inadmissible than the utter exclusion of aid from written documents which Müller postulates for the entire Vedic literature. We have clearly a strange matter here to deal with, and any solution of it can hardly fail to be attended with difficulties. But it appears from our author's own showing, that the art of writing must have been known before the end of the Vedic period, while nevertheless not even the latest of the Vedic treatises acknowledges it, and while both the sacred and the higher secular literature long continue to ignore it. Hence, the principal question is to determine at what period, earlier or later, it actually came in; and all that we are solicitous here to establish is, that there is no insuperable obstacle yet placed in the way of our admitting its presence at any period later than that of the hymns, to explain what without it may be found unexplainable in the production and preservation of the Vedic literature. Farther familiarity with that literature will help to settle the point; and now that it has been brought so prominently forward, we may expect that other students of the Veda will contribute their aid to its full elucidation.

* Quite similar views have been brought forward by Böhlingk. See *Mélanges Asiatiques*, III. 715, etc. (St. Petersburg, 1859).

As our author's purpose is to give a general survey of the whole Vedic literature, not an exhaustive analysis and exhibition of any part of it, he enters but slightly upon a subject which he is one of those best qualified by the course of his studies to discuss, and which many of his readers are doubtless disappointed that he did not undertake to treat more fully, — the subject, namely, of the internal character and contents of the early hymns, and the results derivable from them for the history of ideas and institutions in India, and of religious and social institutions in the Indo-European family. For this, not a chapter in a work, but a whole work, and one of no small volume, would be required, with a detail in the handling of the sources which would be unsuitable to a work like the present, intended for the general reader. It might well seem premature, too, to set about such a task, when so few of the preliminary labors have been accomplished, when only a half of the most important text of all has yet been put within the reach of scholars, and when no translation of any continuous and extensive portion of that text has been made public, upon whose faithfulness to the letter and the spirit of the original reliance can be placed, — for both the translation of Langlois, and, in a less degree, that of Wilson, are far from justifying any such reliance. We should be thankful for what Professor Müller finds occasion and opportunity to give us in the closing sections of his work: there, in the course of his defence and establishment of the distinction which he makes of the epoch of the hymns into two separate periods, — that of their composition and that of their collection, or the *chhandas* and the *mantra* periods, spoken of above, — we receive many valuable hints or expressions of opinion respecting the origin of the three older collections, with intimations of the characteristics which may be relied upon to help distinguish ancient from modern hymns, and translations of chosen and representative examples of both classes of hymns. These translations are not perhaps so lifelike and spirited as a native command of English joined to our author's appreciation of their originals might have made them, but they are far in advance of any which the English language has hitherto known, and vastly more readable, as well as more accurate and truthful, than

those of Wilson. Some of the views put forth respecting the comparative age and the interdependence of the collections are discordant with those which have thus far prevailed, and we do not feel prepared to accept them without a fuller exhibition of the grounds upon which they rest; but we will not run the risk of wearying our readers with the discussion of questions in which they might feel but slight interest.

There is, however, a point of fundamental importance in which our author disagrees with those who have studied the Veda before him, and in respect to which we are so far from accepting his views that we cannot help dwelling upon it a little: it is no less than the original groundwork of the Vedic religion, — whether it be monotheistic or polytheistic. It has been generally held that the religion represented by the genuine ancient hymns of the Veda was an almost pure nature-religion, a nearly unmixed worship of the deities regarded as residing in and manifesting themselves through the more striking phenomena of the material world; and that the monotheistic conceptions here and there discoverable in parts of the texts were of decidedly later growth, the first fruits of that theosophic philosophy which in after times so absorbed the Hindu mind. To this Professor Müller objects: he refuses us the right to pronounce monotheistic ideas and far-reaching metaphysical speculations proofs of the later origin of the hymns in which they appear, and maintains that both are as primitive and ancient as any of the records of Hindu thought. He acknowledges that the dim and imperfect recognition of one sole divinity which we see appear in the best age of Greek philosophy worked itself out from amid the polytheism, anthropomorphism, and idolatry of the earlier time, but asks how we know that the course of thought was the same in India; since — though a belief in a supreme God, a God above all gods, may seem abstractly later than a belief in many gods — if a single poet do but feel his filial relationship to the Divine, and utter, “though it be thoughtlessly, the words, ‘My father,’” he has overleaped the long interval to monotheism. Our author adds (p. 559): “There is a monotheism that precedes the polytheism of the Veda, and even in the invocations of their innumerable gods the remembrance of a God, one and

infinite, breaks through the mist of an idolatrous phraseology, like the blue sky that is hidden by passing clouds." And he had said in a previous passage (p. 528) : —

"In the Veda we look in vain for the effect produced on the human mind by the first rising of the idea of God. We shall never hear what was felt by man when the image of God arose in all its majesty before his eyes, assuming a reality before which all other realities faded away into a mere shadow. That first recognition of God, that first perception of the real presence of God, — a perception without which no religion, whether natural or revealed, can exist or grow, — belonged to the past when the songs of the Veda were written. The idea of God, though never entirely lost, had been clouded over by errors. The names given to God had been changed to gods, and their real meaning had faded away from the memory of man."

We are a little at a loss how to understand some of these expressions of our author, or to see what view of the origin of religions is implied in them. It almost seems as if he held that a conception of God, clothed in all the dignity, majesty, and overpowering grandeur of the Christian conception, as it falls upon the mind of a devout person in his moments of fullest apprehension, was capable of bursting at once upon the spirit of one to whom the very idea of a God had hitherto been a stranger ; and that, too, not by a miraculous communication to a miraculously prepared soul, but by a natural process, the mind accepting and inferring from the evidences placed before it in the works of creation, with the powers and instincts which constitute its proper endowment. This, or anything approaching it, we regard as quite impossible ; we cannot believe that any race has shown itself capable of arriving at such a result except through a long course of development and training, a gradual rising from lower and more sensuous to higher, more abstract, and purer views. There is a fallacy in the assertion that no religion can begin without a perception of the real presence of God, — unless, indeed, the word "religion" be understood in a very restricted sense. Substitute for "God" the phrase "superhuman or supernatural power or powers," and the proposition commands assent ; but call it "God," and we cannot help investing the word with a significance which in such a connection does not belong to it ; we fill it with our

own educated conceptions and associations. It is hardly possible to imagine a race, gifted with the average capacity of human nature, existing long without a religion, after thought and language have passed the most rudimentary stages of development. There are, it is true, tribes now on the face of the earth, whose dwarfed and grovelling minds have never raised themselves far enough above an utter absorption in the petty interests of animal existence to heed or interpret the evidences of anything outside of man and greater and mightier than he; but these are the rare exceptions. Hardly a people that walks erect and looks abroad can fail to be impressed with a sense of the superhuman; it is forced upon any but the dullest perception, by the sky, the storm, the changing seasons, the heavenly bodies, and all those other powers in action about us, with the personifications of which nature-religions are wont to be crowded. And — setting aside in any case the supposition of a miraculous enlightenment and revelation — we hold that the recognition of a diversity of causes as manifested in these diverse effects is so much the more natural and easier, and the apprehension of a unity existing under the diversity so plainly later, and the result of reflection, comparison, and combination, that we cannot conceive of a monotheism, of natural origin, not preceded by and growing out of a polytheism. To suppose the human spirit gifted with such clear and penetrating intuitions as to apprehend directly the unity of Nature and its Author, and yet so weak and blind as to be able to forget that original cognition, and lose itself in the vagaries of naturalism, anthropomorphism, and superstitious worship of idols, is not only to invert the actual evidence of the history of religions, but also to lessen the dignity and value of human nature, which it was the intention of the theory to uphold. We should never expect, then, to witness in any recorded literature the uprising of that idea of God which is the necessary foundation of all religion: it is forbidden by the very nature of the case; for this idea must be far older than the time at which a nation begins to sing songs worthy of being handed down to posterity. But on the other hand, as in the history of Greek philosophy may be seen the coming into being of that idea of God which contemplates him as one and infinite,

so may it, as we believe, be also seen in the hymns of the Veda. We are unable to understand what Professor Müller refers to when he says that in the ancient Hindu religion the names given to God have been changed to gods: the names of the Vedic divinities are not the epithets of one God; they are the names of objects and effects in nature. And why not apply to the Hindu religion results derived from the history of the Greek? They are confessedly, by origin, the same religion; if the one has had to arrive at an imperfect monotheism by the way of philosophic speculation, why not the other also? No one will question that the Greek, Persian, and Indian branches of the Indo-European family have once, as one people, spoken the same language and held the same belief; the evidence of comparative philology and comparative mythology — which no one has presented in a clearer and more attractive form than our author — is decisive upon that point. All have later made approximations to monotheism: the Greek but weakly and sporadically; the Persian, by a moral, an anti-naturalistic revolution or reform, gave birth to a faith distinguished for its purity, and its nearness to the simple grandeur of Semitic conceptions; the Hindu followed another course, and attained, indeed, to a speculative monotheism, but to one of a barren and shadowy character. The Hindu supreme God is as remote as possible from being a realization of the idea "my father;" he is set far beyond Olympus, on the highest and most inaccessible alpine summits of a chilling and cheerless solitude, separated by a whole series of demiurges from all care of the universe or participation in the concerns of his creatures. It is not impossible to distinguish between reminiscences of an older and purer faith, and the budding germs of a new doctrine: the former we see appearing here and there among the subtilties of the later religion of the Brahmans; the latter only are we able to recognize in the scattered indications of monotheistic conceptions discoverable in the earliest records of Hindu religious thought. The great mass of the Vedic hymns are absorbed in the praise and worship of the multifarious deities of the proper Vedic pantheon, and ignore all conception of a unity of which these are to be accounted the varying manifestations; others, in which language, style,

and thought often concur to prove their later origin, exhibit the beginnings of just those philosophical and theological speculations which later helped to sweep away the whole fabric of the old Vedic religion, annihilating its spirit, and leaving only its names and its ceremonial forms.

Professor Müller has deserved, and often received, the meed of general praise for the attractive manner in which he is accustomed to work up the subjects which he treats ; for his attention, not alone to clearness and readiness of apprehension by his readers, — qualities too often neglected by those whose studies reach so deeply, and concern themselves with subjects so obscure and recondite, — but also to the graces and ornaments of style. To this commendation his present work likewise is in a high degree entitled ; many will doubtless be led on to peruse it, and won over to an interest in its theme, who would have been repelled, had its learned discussions been conducted with less art, and clothed in plainer and more rigid forms. In some instances, however, we think that he has been led too far in this direction, — has given too loose a rein to poetic fancy, and talked in tropes and pictures when more exact scientific statement had been preferable. Especially is this true of the early portion of the book, where he is discussing the migrations and ethnological relations of races, and the differences of national characteristics. We cite below one rather noteworthy instance : —

“The main stream of the Aryan nations has always flowed toward the northwest. No historian can tell us by what impulse those adventurous nomads were driven on through Asia towards the isles and shores of Europe. But whatever it was, the impulse was as irresistible as the spell which, in our own times, sends the Celtic tribes towards the prairies or the regions of gold across the Atlantic. It requires a strong will, or a great amount of inertness, to be able to withstand the impetus of such national, or rather ethnical movements. Few will stay behind when all are going. But to let one's friends depart, and then to set out ourselves — to take a road which, lead where it may, can never lead us to join those again who speak our language and worship our gods — is a course which only men of strong individuality and great self-dependence are capable of pursuing. It was the course adopted by the southern branch of the Aryan family, the Brahmanic Aryas of India and the Zoroastrians of Iran.” — p. 12.

Had not our author, when he wrote this paragraph, half unconsciously in mind the famous and striking picture of Kaulbach at Berlin, representing the scattering of the human race from the foot of the ruined tower of Babel; where we see each separate nationality, with the impress of its after character and fortunes already stamped on every limb and feature, taking up its line of march toward the quarter of the earth which it is destined to occupy? It is a bold allegorical representation; almost too bold for painting, indeed; still more doubtfully admissible as poetry; but least of all to be put forth as scientific truth. We cannot consent to regard the division of the Indo-European stock into separate tribes, the germs of future independent nations, as a conscious process, one in which each division remained cognizant of the wanderings and fates of the others, and chose its own future course from deliberate purpose. It is more than we can fairly ask of our imaginations to show us the Aryan race perched for a couple of thousand years upon some exalted post of observation, watching thence the successive departure from their ancient homes of the various European tribes, and then, in a spirit of lofty independence, not to say perversity, setting out deliberately to try its fortunes in the opposite direction.

In the same introductory chapters our author describes, for the most part in a true and telling manner, some of the peculiarities which distinguish the Hindus from all others of the Indo-European races, almost from all others of the human family, — their quietism, their tendency to look within instead of without for truth and knowledge, their carelessness of things sublunar, their longing to escape from the trammels of existence. But we are not without suspicion sometimes that he accounts his description an explanation also, and we note here and there the tendency, already pointed out, to substitute figurative and rhetorical phrases for close thought and clear statement. Thus, he speaks of the Hindus as shutting themselves up within the lofty mountain boundaries of their peninsula, to dwell there undisturbed for many centuries by foreign arms or foreign influences, and adds (p. 16): "Left to themselves in a world of their own, without a past, and without a future before them, they had nothing but themselves to ponder

on." What had become of their past, and how they can have known that there was no future before them, so as to be thereby influenced to ponder on themselves, to the exclusion of other and more profitable subjects of meditation, we are somewhat puzzled to see. Nor is it entirely clear to us in what sense they actually had no future before them. Perhaps the assertion is an anticipation of the one made more distinctly in a later passage (p. 31), that "India has no place in the political history of the world." But this, too, we do not wish to let pass without a protest. Statements of a like character are often met with in works that treat of races. Certain peoples are styled the historical ones; others are said to have no history, or to have played no part in the world's history. All this seems to savor in some degree of a selfish exclusiveness. If, as we devoutly believe, all men are brethren; if every human being, wherever found, of whatever color, and with whatever capacities, is a man, endowed with human rights and burdened with human responsibilities, then the history of the world is made up of the sum of all the separate histories of all its inhabitants. Why should we limit the term to that of which we know the details, or to that which, in the wonderful intermingling of human fates, has come to affect, more or less remotely, ourselves? It is true that we of European blood account ourselves — doubtless with right — the foremost race of all the family of man, having intrusted to our care the largest share of the interests, present and prospective, of humanity, liable to determine the conditions of the future history of the world more widely and imperatively than any people that has ever existed, called to a higher destiny, and made responsible for higher good to be accomplished, than any ancient nation; but all this does not justify us in assuming that the destinies of mankind centre in us, and that no rill of history deserves the name, if it be not a tributary to the mighty current of modern European culture. Within the limits of India dwell, even at the present day, a full seventh of the human race; nearly all of whom have derived their political, social, and religious institutions, their literature, arts, and sciences, from the Aryan emigrants: within those limits wars have been waged, and great deeds enacted; empires have risen, and flourished, and fallen; — shall we refuse the name of political history to

changes in the political and social conditions of men carried on upon so grand a scale, because they have never overstepped certain fixed limits, because no conqueror has ever crossed the borders of the peninsula, to extend his dominion over the races lying outside, — while, on the other hand, there has gone out from India an influence which — in a peaceful way, it is true — has affected the state of nearly all Eastern and Central Asia ? No ; India has acted a history, if she has not chosen to record its scenes in detail for our instruction ; and the denial of this fact furnishes no hint even toward the explanation of the remarkable peculiarities of the Indian variety of human nature. At present that explanation does not appear to be within our reach, — if, indeed, we shall ever be able to grasp it, or to tell how in any case one nationality comes to acquire a type of character different from that of another. It is like the arising of varieties of a species, — one of those natural processes which thus far elude our inspection and analysis in their ultimate causes and modes of production, which we can only notice, comment on, and describe.

The criticisms which we have felt called upon to make upon some parts of Professor Müller's work may at least serve to show how hard it is, in the present condition of research into Indian antiquity, to frame general views respecting it which shall command universal assent. The truism, that it is far easier to pull to pieces than to build up, is nowhere truer than in matters affecting the archæology and history of India. The labors of a generation of scholars, or of more than one, will yet be needed before the vast body of material can be so looked over, and arranged, and made accessible, that the way shall be clear to a fair and stable construction of the fabric. How many centuries have not Hebrew and Arabic engaged the attentive study of numerous and able scholars ! And yet, what new light has not been cast within a very few years upon some of the most important subjects in either department of study ! Sanskrit philology has no reason to be ashamed of what it has accomplished during its brief life of seventy years. So rapid a growth, and one so fruitful in help to so many other related branches of knowledge, has never before been known in the annals of literary investigation.

ART. VI. — EMANCIPATION IN RUSSIA.

1. *Travels into Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark.* By WILLIAM COXE, A. M., F. R. S. In four volumes. London. 1787.
2. *Russia.* Translated from the French of the MARQUIS DE CUSTINE. New York: Appletons. 1854.
3. *Russia as it is.* By COUNT A. DE GUROWSKI. New York: Appletons. 1854.
4. *La Verité sur la Russie.* Par le PRINCE DOLGOROUKOW. Paris. 1860.

THE New World presents the reflection of the Old. As the tide that rises on one side of the globe answers to that which swells at the same hour on the other side, so the feelings and the actions of men in the Eastern and Western Continents often correspond. Thus the question of slavery, which has so long and so deeply agitated the minds of men in the United States, has at the same time occupied the attention of all classes in the Russian Empire. The necessity of emancipation, and the means to be taken in order to secure it, have there been discussed, with reference to a number of bondmen exceeding ours in a sevenfold proportion, by the slaveholders themselves, in a spirit of enlightened patriotism; and the result of that discussion will be, it is believed, the recognition of twenty-two millions of Russians as no longer serfs. If imperial power and official influence have prescribed limits to the expression of opinion, we at least can hardly complain of this, when we remember that in our own country, though nominally free, the investigation of the subject has been absolutely prohibited in the slaveholding section, and frowned upon by a large portion of the community in the other. And if emancipation in Russia should not be fully accomplished at once, — if the new freemen find themselves encumbered with loads of debt, or bound to years of service to their former lords, — yet we, who are disturbed in our political and social relations by the effort simply to prevent the extension of slavery, can only look with admiration on the empire which is effecting so quietly its nominal, and prospectively its total abolition.

In investigating the history and character of this great social revolution, we have been indebted for information chiefly to the sources named at the head of this article. The four volumes of Coxe's Travels, two of which, with a portion of another, are devoted to Russia, instruct us as to the condition of the various classes in that empire near the close of the last century. De Custine visited the country in the early part of the reign of Nicholas. Count Gurowski's volume appeared in 1854, and that of Prince Dolgoroukow in 1859. The last two writers have treated the question of emancipation with the most fulness. In reading them, allowances must be made for their position, both of them being dissentients from the policy of the Russian rulers, and the latter sharing largely in the feelings of a proud nobility. Of his views and plans we shall speak hereafter.

The period when serfdom was introduced into Russia appears uncertain. M. Wolowski, a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, maintains its antiquity, and cites in proof the Code of Jaroslav, of the tenth century. Count Gurowski ascribes to it a later origin. We may reconcile the two by the supposition of its gradual increase. According to the Count, the people were in ancient times comparatively free, their polity being marked by one peculiarity which connects it with the schemes of some modern theorists. This was Communism. The husbandmen lived, not, as in Germany, on separate farms, but in villages, where property was to some extent held in common. The authority of the princes was restrained by that of the Boyars; and if these in their turn were petty princes, their rule was perhaps less burdensome than that now exercised by an army of government officials. But this ancient state of things was destroyed by the Mongol conquest. From the earlier part of the thirteenth century to the last quarter of the fifteenth, Russia was a province of the Tartar empire; governed indeed by its own princes, but rendering, through them, homage and tribute to its foreign masters. The degrading character of this subjection may be conceived from the account given by Cromer, a Polish historian. He tells us that when the ambassadors of the Khan arrived at Moscow to receive the tribute, the Grand Duke went out to meet them,

and offer, as a token of respect, a cup of mare's milk ; and if a drop chanced to fall on the mane of the Tartar's horse, the Grand Duke would himself lick it up. After reaching the hall of audience, the ambassadors read the Khan's letter seated on a rich carpet of furs, while the Grand Duke and his nobles knelt to hear it.

Two centuries of such subjection to a barbarous power, not only prevented Russia from sharing in the advancing civilization of the West, but caused the ancient rights of the peasants to be forgotten, and disturbed the due gradation of ranks among their superiors. Thus when the nation, under Ivan I., threw off in 1477 the yoke of the waning Tartar empire, the Czar, regarded as the deliverer of his people, became also their absolute lord. The submission to an energetic chief, which had been necessary to effect their deliverance from odious foreign bondage, was exacted when independence had been gained. Even Novogorod and other "free cities" were compelled to surrender to Ivan privileges that the Tartars had spared. The very civilization of the West, to which the nation now looked for guidance, taught them one evil lesson among many good ; for it taught the principle of feudalism, that the sovereign is owner of all the soil. Absolutism and feudalism, thus united, made the Czar owner of his subjects' persons, and of the land they tilled.

So long as this ownership remained in the hands of the sovereign, it was in a great degree neutralized by its wide extent ; for no prince, unless ubiquitous, could manage an empire as his private property. But the most ready way for the monarch to attach his nobles and reward his officers, was by gifts of land and the human beings it supported. Thus there were two classes of serfs, — those of the crown, comparatively free, and those held by nobles, under whom their condition varied, according to the conscience or caprice of their masters, from a relation resembling that of the crown-peasants, to a relation approaching that of slaves in our own country.

To a complete resemblance of the latter, however, the serfs in Russia have never been reduced. Not only were they spared the degradation of being separated from their masters by race and color, but as a general principle, they were *ad-*

scripti glebæ, not liable to be sold except with the soil they cultivated. Apparently the laws to this effect, enacted by the later Russian sovereigns, did but confirm the common usage of the country.

Boris Godunoff was elected Czar in 1598, and lost his crown and life in 1605. Among the most interesting mysteries of Russian history is that relating to this monarch, and the young Demetrius, by some supposed to have been his victim, by others identified with the adventurer who succeeded him. It is a sort of Russian version of the story of Richard III., the murdered princes in the Tower, and the personation of one of them afterwards by Perkin Warbeck. The conduct of Boris with regard to the serfs is viewed differently by different writers. He decreed, in 1592, that peasants should not leave the estates on which they were employed. A subsequent edict, in 1597, gave to the lords of those estates the right over the peasants as serfs. These laws, however, probably did not create, but only recognized and sanctioned, the enslavement of the laboring class. We are somewhat surprised, however, to find Boris mentioned by one writer as attempting to improve the condition of the serfs. Perhaps the decree which annexed them to the soil may have given cause for this favorable interpretation of his purpose.

A hundred years after the death of Boris, a more famous prince was on the Russian throne. This was Peter the Great, — or, as Custine says he should rather be called, “the Strong.” Among the purposes of this strange reformer for the good of his country, the improvement of the condition of the peasantry was not altogether overlooked. The Czar declared himself disgusted at the sale of men like cattle, and commanded his Senate to prepare a law for its prevention. This order, however, remained unexecuted; while two of his regulations are thought to have contributed indirectly to the permanence of serfdom. One of these rendered the landholder accountable for the poll-tax of his vassals; the other obliged him to furnish a certain number of recruits to the army. By these the lord became interested in preventing the migration of his serfs.

It was an object of importance with Peter the Great to break down the pride of the hereditary aristocracy, and bal-

ance their influence by the creation of a middle class. To effect this purpose, he took for his instrument military rank. The system of precedence which necessity authorized in the army, was brought thence into civil life; and statesmen and clerks, architects, physicians, and professors, were recognized as noble, and ranked as generals, majors, and captains. Prince Dolgoroukow, the inheritor of an ancient title, represents Peter as thus laying the foundation of that "bureaucracy" which, according to his representations, is now a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself. Russia is governed, as he states, by an army of office-holders; men, not possessing the chivalrous spirit of a true nobility, but leagued together for the purpose of enriching themselves on the plunder of the nation; forming an impenetrable circle around the throne, so that no complaint from the people can reach the monarch's ear, and extending their power into every village, not for purposes of protection but of plunder. To bribe these bureaucrats is the only means of success, from the peasant desirous of rising one humble step in social life, to the noble suppliant for imperial justice. Individually these men are powerless before the Czar. He can send them to Siberia or to the executioner at his pleasure; but he cannot fill their places except with others of the same sort, confederated by the same unuttered vow of selfish interest. Such is the picture given, by a proud noble, of those whom he regards as his own enemies and the enemies of his order. But if caricatured, the picture has evidently lines of truth. An army of office-holders is a formidable power in other countries than Russia.

Czar Peter's system of officials may have been in his own time, and more clearly is in ours, a grievous burden upon the peasantry. He continued, too, the practice of bestowing land with the peasants who tilled it, in reward for services to the state; and, as he attracted to Russia, so far as he could, men eminent for skill in various branches, these foreigners became possessors of large estates, and owned as serfs the natives of the land. The magnificent designs of Peter for the glory of his empire, however noble, were not conceived or conducted in the spirit of a humane civilization. They took little account of individual suffering, however extensive, provided the progress

of the whole nation might be advanced. It was not from the barbaric reformer, who applied the torture and used the executioner's sword with his own hands, that the serfs could expect consistent and enlightened efforts for the alleviation of their burdens.

With the growth of the empire in wealth and civilization, the middle class necessarily increased. Among this class were some owners of small farms, called *Odnovortsi*, "possessors of one house." Many of these, in the reign of the Empress Anne, were settled near the southern boundary of the empire, for which they formed a guard. The number of free peasants was also increased by the acquisition of territory from Sweden. Such accessions must have had a powerful, though gradual, influence on public opinion. They brought into strong contrast the condition of provinces cultivated respectively by free and slave labor; and the patriotic Russian could not but feel shame at the thought, that, while the conquered dependencies of the empire enjoyed personal freedom, a large portion of the native race were in bondage.

In 1762, Peter III. was dethroned and imprisoned by his wife, who succeeded him as Catherine II. The unfortunate Czar survived his loss of power only a few days; but several daring impostors arose to assume his name. The principal of these, a Cossack named Pugatchef, waged war against the Empress with temporary success. He was joined by numbers of the peasantry, who connected the hope of bettering their own condition with their zeal in the cause of one whom they supposed to be their ill-used sovereign. But Catherine, though infamous in private life, was a great and wise ruler. This rebellion which threatened the commencement of her reign did not prevent her from taking enlarged views of the interests of her peasant subjects. In her instructions given to those intrusted with the formation of a code of laws, she not only spoke of the importance of the middle class, but directed attention to the heavy burdens laid upon the peasants. "There is hardly any village," says the imperial letter, "which does not pay its imposts in money. The possessors, who never, or very seldom, see their villages, levy on each peasant a tax of from two to five roubles, without concerning themselves how the

means are to be found for its payment. It will be necessary to prescribe laws, by which the owners will be obliged to act with circumspection in obtaining the payment of their dues, and to require of the peasant such services (*redevances*) as shall remove him as little as possible from his house and his family." By the regulations of Catherine, the right of the lords over the persons of their vassals was abridged, the only responsibility for excessive punishment, before her time, having been in case the serf died within three days after its infliction. The Empress restricted the right of punishment to the magistrate; an enactment which, though no doubt in many instances unavailing, indicated an important step in national feeling. Catherine, in 1781, prohibited the further enslavement of the peasantry, which seems to have been carried on whenever a pretence could be found for taking from the class of Odnovortsi their freedom.

Mr. Coxe, who visited Russia during the reign of Catherine, expresses himself surprised to find that no instances of emancipation had yet taken place, as had been the case on some estates in Poland. He predicted, however, that the time of action was not far distant. The discussion of the subject had begun, though in a guarded manner. The opinion prevailed that the peasants were incapable of using liberty aright. Shortly before Mr. Coxe's visit, a premium had been offered by the Imperial Economical Society for the best dissertation on the question, "Is it most advantageous to the state, that the peasant should possess land, or only personal effects? and to what point should that property be extended for the good of the public?" The question thus cautiously worded—omitting all direct mention of emancipation—was proposed by one who concealed his name, while he bought the co-operation of the Economical Society by a large donation, less than one tenth of which was to be devoted to his premium. One hundred and sixty-four dissertations were presented; and the prize was awarded to a foreigner, M. Bearde, doctor in canon and civil law at Aix-la-Chapelle. The plan recommended by his essay was "to confer upon the peasants a gradual succession of privileges, and to follow the slow but sure method of instruction and improvement." The opinion of

the Empress was expressed in the Instructions for the new Code of Laws, in these remarkable words: "Agriculture can never flourish in that nation where the husbandman possesses no property."

The visit of Mr. Coxe took place at the time when Poland, though deprived of important provinces, still retained its national existence; and his account of the miserable condition of that country is such as to afford some explanation of the manner in which it was treated by the surrounding states. Poland was "the sick man" of that age, as Turkey is of ours. Pretending to be at once a monarchy and a republic, it was really neither, but governed by an aristocracy divided against itself, most of its members being openly in the interest, and almost openly in the pay, of one or another of the neighboring sovereigns. But in regard to the emancipation of the serfs, Poland was in advance of Russia; and as the recent movement in this cause was most prompt in that part of Russia which had once been Poland, it is essential to our purpose to note the progress that had been made there before the annexation.

Serfdom in Russia proper, we have seen, was increased by grants voluntarily made by powerful sovereigns to their officers. A similar system in Poland, more ancient in its origin, derived strength from the aggressions of the nobles on the rights of the crown. By the failure of male heirs in two successive royal families, the monarchy became elective. Every successful candidate had to purchase his crown, not only by direct bribery, but by giving up something of the authority necessary to curb the pride of the nobles and to protect the rights of the peasants. In 1347, Casimir the Great prescribed a fine for the murder of a peasant; and conferred on that class of his subjects some rights of inheritance. The same sovereign decreed that, as a peasant was capable of bearing arms for the public service, he ought to be considered a free man. But these regulations were either evaded or repealed, and the mass of the people were reduced to entire vassalage to the aristocracy. Not until 1768 did the law make death the penalty for the murder of a slave; and even then the proof

required, was so difficult to obtain that the enactment was almost nugatory.

The first Polish nobleman who granted freedom to his peasants was the Chancellor Zamoiski. In the year 1760, he enfranchised six villages. On signing the deed, he expressed some apprehension to his people, lest they should abuse their freedom. They replied, "When we had no other property than the stick which we hold in our hands, we were destitute of all encouragement to right conduct; but now that our houses, our lands, and our cattle are our own, the fear of forfeiting them will be a constant restraint upon our actions." The event proved their answer correct. Previously the proprietor had sometimes been obliged to pay fines for disorders committed by his peasants; since their freedom, complaints against them were less frequently heard. The population increased, the number of births per year rapidly augmenting, and the circumstances of the people becoming easier; so that, the peasants paying an annual rent instead of the former compulsory service, the revenue of the estate in the course of seventeen years was threefold what it had formerly been. Zamoiski, encouraged by his first success, emancipated his remaining serfs; and his example was followed by other nobles, with similar favorable results. Among those who distinguished themselves in this good work was Prince Stanislaus Poniatowski, nephew of King Stanislaus Augustus. He assisted the peasants whom he had liberated by that advice and direction in the conduct of their affairs which their former degradation made necessary; visiting their cottages, and suggesting improvements in agriculture.

But emancipation, at the time we refer to, was, under the laws of the kingdom, an uncertain gift. The heir of a nobleman who had freed his serfs, might, if he chose, reduce them again to slavery. The humane policy however continued to advance. When in 1789 the Poles remodelled their constitution, endeavoring to remove from it those defects which had brought it to the verge of ruin, they declared the peasants under the protection of the law, without, however, effecting their emancipation. But the effort to resuscitate their country was resisted by Russia. The second partition of Poland

took place, followed, in 1794, by the third and final one. Prussia and Austria obtained each a portion of her territories, — but the largest share became the prey of Russia.

While this event brought into the dominions of Catherine the spirit of liberty by which the Poles had been animated in their brave resistance, and the example of their enlightened endeavors to improve the condition of the peasants, the annexation of Bessarabia, with “a sort of Wilmot proviso,” as Gurowski describes it, marked the public opinion of the age as opposed to the extension of serfdom.

But the most important steps towards improvement in Russia were taken by Alexander I. in the early part of his reign. He disowned for himself, and prohibited to his successors, the custom of granting land from the imperial domains with the peasants resident upon it, whose nominal serfdom was thus changed into real. He forbade the sale of human beings at market, the separation of families, and the disposal of serfs without the land. It is probable that in these enactments, as in the general policy of the house of Romanoff, the sovereign did but give expression to the public sentiment of the people. His successor, Nicholas, in the earlier part of his reign, appeared disposed to advance the work of emancipation; and even in granting Polish estates after the rebellion, he so far regarded the ukase of Alexander as to provide that the peasants should be ultimately free. In the latter part of his reign, however, he was more inclined to strengthen the power of the nobles.

Having thus sketched the rise and decline of serfdom to the accession of the present monarch, let us now, guided chiefly by Count Gurowski, glance at the actual condition of the peasantry at that time.

The entire population of Russia is about sixty-two millions; of these, forty-five millions are peasants of the Russian stock; and of these again, about one half, at the death of Nicholas, were either free, or in the nominal serfdom of crown-peasants. Twenty-two millions or more remain, under the control of private owners. Alike among free and serf, the ancient national institution of the commune prevails. The commune, among the free peasants, owns the real estate, excepting the

dwelling-houses. The land is divided into shares among the members, but no member can alienate his portion ; and the village has a common chest, furnished by the industry of all, devoted to general purposes and the relief of unfortunate members. No stranger can become a member but by permission of the commune. Each of these little bodies politic is required to support a primary school ; but even in the burgher class, which is the next higher, all that the Russian can learn, according to Gurowski, is "to read and write wretchedly." The communes vary as to population, some counting as many as twenty thousand souls. Elections are made in them for public offices, and in these the free peasants alone can take part. The elections occur triennially, every five hundred householders choosing one elector ; the electors thus chosen in a district then meet and select, either by ballot or by lot, members for the public offices ; such, for example, as judges of the inferior courts. The free peasant can settle anywhere, and enter into any industrial employment, with permission of his commune ; and this permission cannot be refused if he provides for his communal duties. In making contracts with the government, he is privileged above a stranger, as he is not obliged to give security. The permission of his commune is received instead, apparently because this renders the commune responsible. With the consent of his commune, the free peasant who has obtained sufficient means can become a burgher, and from a burgher may become a merchant.

From the free peasants we turn to the serfs,—those, we mean, in the possession of private owners ; for the crown peasants appear to be hardly distinguishable from the free. The private bondmen are divided by usage into the classes of house and agricultural serfs ; the law, however, does not recognize the distinction. In the eye of the law, all that the serf owns is his master's ; but public opinion has rendered this law obsolete. The bulk of the nobles are neither tyrants nor patriarchs, but shrewd masters, observing those conventional restrictions imposed by the spirit of the age, but, within these, trying to obtain the largest income in their power. The owners of large estates leave them to the care of overseers, frequently more exacting than the actual lords would be ; yet

the serfs on such estates are thought to be more fortunate than those of the small proprietors, whose narrow circumstances induce them to make every effort to realize the largest profit from the labor of their dependents.

The house serfs, on account of their numbers, are often the cause of ruinous loss to their owners. Unaccustomed to agriculture, and unwilling to be transferred to that employment, they form a crowd of useless servants. The usual resource is to have them educated to some trade, and send them off, with a permission in writing to settle where they please. They are required to report their location, and to pay a stated rent for their time; and are liable to be called back at the will of the master. Some thus situated become prosperous. There are wealthy tradesmen in the cities who are still serfs, and pay the *obrok* or rent to their owners; and, to the honor of the latter, this is not increased in consequence of the serf's success. Sometimes such vassals become richer than their lords, and endeavor to purchase their own freedom; but too often the arrangement, so truly desirable to both parties, is refused through pride. M. de Custine speaks of agricultural serfs, who, when their master wished to sell them, applied to a nobleman they knew to become their purchaser, and actually advanced to him the money wherewith to buy themselves and the land they cultivated. He tells us that a master, who found it desirable to raise more from his vassals than they had hitherto given, would call them before him, and inform them that he was under the necessity of selling them, though with regret. In reply they would inquire the amount he needed, and consent to its being raised by additional taxes on themselves, rather than take the risk of a change of owners.

The agricultural serfs, — "field hands," as the corresponding class is called in our Southern regions, — on the larger estates, live in communes, like the free peasants; often merely paying to their lord an *obrok* in money or produce. Although they cannot vote at elections for officers of a public character, they are commonly allowed to elect the police of their own communes. The master may, however, appoint these at his pleasure. Their other privileges, too, may be greatly curtailed, if such be his will. He can require them to work for him

three days in the week, but not on Sundays or holidays. He may hire them out ; he is their judge in civil causes ; he has the power of corporal punishment, not extending to life or limb. For criminal offences, however, the serf is tried by the legal magistrates. The master may send his serf to a prison, or to Siberia ; but if the bondman receive land from the government as a colonist in Siberia, he becomes free, whether exiled by his master, or by sentence of a court. The master can transfer his vassals, singly or together, from one village or district to another ; but he cannot separate families by sale ; nor can he sell any of them without land. If thus sold, the serf is forfeited to the crown, and is thus virtually emancipated. These provisions of the law are, according to M. de Custine, frequently evaded, — a single acre of land being sold with a hundred serfs. The proportion contemplated by law is twenty acres to each serf, — that being the relative quantity of land which each nobleman is required to possess. Manumissions may be made either with or without grants of land ; but those of the former kind cannot be made by will. The master cannot legally compel his serfs to marry. This restriction, however, is frequently evaded, and the assignment of husbands and wives controlled by the lords, with little consultation of their vassals' choice.

While such is the ample power of the master, he has also his duties. He is to take care of the old and infirm, and provide for his people in times of famine. If the serf is engaged in a lawsuit, it is prosecuted by his master ; and the master is responsible for debts which he has allowed the serf to contract. While the vassal is carrying on a lawful trade with the master's consent, the latter cannot send him as a recruit to the army, nor to Siberia. If the serf is charged with crime, it is optional with the master to take part in his defence. If the serf sues for his freedom, the authority of the master is restrained till the suit is decided. The houses and lands of the serfs belong to the masters ; but if real estate is left to a serf by will, it is to be sold for his benefit. Serfs may lend money, but not on mortgages of land. In marriages, the principle is that the wife follows the condition of the husband. Thus, a free woman marrying a serf becomes a serf. On his death,

however, she resumes her freedom. The serf-woman marrying a freeman shares his privilege; and the manumission of the husband implies that of the wife. The establishment of this principle, as we shall find, greatly reduces the difficulty of the general emancipation. The children, however, are not released from slavery by the manumission of their father. Serfs may obtain their liberty by proving a previous claim to it, or that their master did not belong to any Christian sect, or that he is a traitor to the Emperor, or guilty of some kinds of gross oppression towards themselves. They may become free also by being given up to the government, by being legally sent to Siberia, or by being taken prisoners by an enemy, and carried out of Russia. In the last case, if they return, they are not remanded to the state of slavery. If the master use his bondmen cruelly, his estate is put under guardianship, and he is restrained from the purchase of other serfs. If the abuse be excessive, he may be further punished, but only by the direct authority of the Emperor. These provisions for the protection of the peasants must be in great part neutralized by the fact, that no complaints are received from a serf against his master, except for treason, falsifying the census returns, or proselyting to the Romish Church. Runaways are returned at the cost of those who harbor them; but the right of the master ceases if not exercised within ten years. If a serf be killed by accident, a compensation of \$330 is made to the master. In case of murder, no pecuniary compensation is allowed, but the murderer is punished as if his victim had been a free man.

Such is serfdom in Russia;—a relic of barbarous ages, depending greatly for its character on the disposition of individual owners, yet already deprived of its worst features by the progress of public opinion, and the enactment of laws which public opinion has sustained; in many instances still further modified by the kindness of masters or the intelligence and industry of the serfs; and, in a general view, incomparably superior to the system of bondage on this continent. Says Count Gurowski, "Accursed as it is, it has little or no similitude to that greater curse, absolute slavery." To recapitulate the leading points of difference, the Russian system prohibits

the degrading traffic in human beings, like cattle, in the market; it requires a sale of land to accompany the sale of every serf; it guards female purity, recognizes the marriage tie, forbids the separation of families, and gives the wife her liberty as soon as the husband has obtained his; it allows, in general, to the field serfs the right of voting for their own village officers; and gives to them a practical, if not a legal, guaranty for the security of such property as they may acquire, beyond the rent paid to their lord. When we remember what slavery is in our own land, and how Northern men are even yet found to uphold it as consistent with Christianity and civilization, we are tempted to wonder at the "fanaticism" of the Russian Emperor and his nobles, in meddling with their system of serfdom. If American slavery is a good, just, and Christian institution, there are no words in our language strong enough to express the excellences of that which Russia is blindly throwing away.

These Russians are in earnest, however. And their effort is not the sudden act of a new sovereign, desirous to purchase popularity for the commencement of his reign. Count Gurowski, who wrote while Nicholas was on the throne, speaks of the question of emancipation exciting even then the attention of all classes. The owners of large estates were favorable to it, and some even petitioned that it might take place; but the smaller landholders were opposed to the change. They were afraid of being surrounded with menacing crowds of their former dependents; they anticipated beggary from their loss; and even Gurowski supposes that "the unavoidable material ruin of the nobility will result from either a pacific or a violent emancipation." Others, however, were more hopeful. The mode of making the change was discussed. The government appeared desirous of emancipating the serfs alone, leaving them to earn their living by cultivating land for which they should pay a rent to their former lords; the serfs, on the other side, so long connected in law and custom with the land they tilled, declared that it ought to be emancipated with them, and preferred to wait with this hope, rather than to accept merely their personal liberation. To such terms, Gurowski predicted that the government would not yield. The nobility, he said,

were in a state of frightful suspense, many of them desirous to give up their land and serfs, if they could obtain compensation. The serfs were confident, and therefore patient, hoping to receive all they claimed as an inherent right, and not piece by piece as a matter of favor.

Thus stood this great subject when, early in the year 1855, the strong heart of Nicholas broke before the hostility of Western Europe. His son, who succeeded him as Alexander II., was in middle life, and regarded generally as amiable, but self-indulgent and probably inefficient. Had this proved true, he would not have continued to fill the throne; for there is one law in Russia, unwritten indeed and unspoken, but attested by many a bloody revolution, — that the empire must and will have a strong hand at the helm. The descendant of Peter and of Nicholas showed himself worthy of his race. Refusing offers of peace which it seemed dishonorable to accept, he continued the war until it was closed on conditions suitable to the dignity of the empire. It was not till this was accomplished that his coronation took place. Then it was observed, that, amidst the shouts of rejoicing*thousands and the congratulations of ambassadors from states recently hostile, one alone was sad, — the centre of all that splendor, the absolute lord of that vast empire.

“ A good man ’s ever the graver
For bearing a nation’s trust secure; ”

and the sadness on the brow of the sovereign at that hour, as he felt the awful weight of the burden intrusted to him, was a better omen for Russia than the most gracious smile.

The new impulse given to the cause of emancipation by the Emperor was communicated in an Ordinance dated on the second day of January, 1857, appointing a commission of inquiry for the improvement of agriculture, and for ameliorating the condition of the peasants. In the Paris *Moniteur* of the following August, we find mention of a project of reform relating to the condition of the Polish serfs, sent from Warsaw to the Emperor, and receiving his approval; and in the same paper, in the month of September, is a statement, apparently premature, of an imperial plan of emancipation, — a period of five years to be allowed for arrangements between the masters

and their serfs, as to the commutation of duties owed by the latter. On the 20th of November an imperial rescript was issued in reply to a petition from the nobility of Wilna, Kowno, and Grodno, provinces formerly belonging to the kingdom of Poland. An adjoining portion of that country had been appropriated by Prussia, and in that the serf system had long since ceased. The Russo-Polish nobles perceived the advantage which their Prussian neighbors had gained from a system of free labor, in a more intelligent population and the improved appearance of the country. They read the lesson with enlightened minds, and the result was seen in their petition for leave to adopt measures for a general emancipation of their serfs. Their request was followed by others of a similar character from the nobility of Podolia and Volhynia, — also formerly Polish, — and of the neighboring Provinces of the Ukraine. The reply of the Emperor gave the desired liberty of action to the petitioners, and to the proprietors in other provinces who might wish to pursue a similar course.

The great question agitated Russia. The feelings of the Emperor were evidently strongly enlisted; but the bureaucracy, with the Camarilla at its head, was opposed to innovation. Cautious politicians, we may well imagine, would shrink from the wise boldness of great statesmanship, by which alone such a crisis could be worthily met. The inconsistency of serfdom with true civilization was generally admitted; the objections to its removal were based on the enormous expense which apparently the change must involve. The majority of the nobles were on the side of conservatism; a strong and intelligent minority on that of progress. The commission of inquiry reported in a manner not fully satisfactory. Another was appointed to carry out the views of the Emperor. It met in his presence and received his personal directions. His interest in the subject was hailed with loyal acknowledgments at a great banquet in Warsaw, in January, 1858, when a hundred and eighty of the largest proprietors were present. In the spring, however, symptoms of a reaction appeared. The more timid land-owners became alarmed, and began to throng into the cities to avoid the disturbances which they apprehended on their estates. On the 17th of April, a circular was ad-

addressed by the central commission to those of the various provinces, limiting the discussion of the subject to the plan which the government had proposed. The provincial committees, indeed, began to extend their requests beyond the emancipation of the serfs, asking for such privileges as the Camarilla, and probably the Emperor himself, had no thought of granting. The next step was the appointment of a *Commission de Rédaction*, of whose labors we have little definite information. They appear, however, to have been engaged in carrying out the imperial plan into the requisite details, with a view to its ultimate publication as the law of the empire. In the autumn of 1859, a deputation from the provincial committees gained access to the Emperor, and laid before him their request for more extensive changes than had been hitherto proposed. They asked for the establishment of provincial assemblies of a more popular character than those now existing, for the liberty of the press, and the introduction of trial by jury. The boldness of these claims was met by a stern reproof. The time for the appearance of the edict of emancipation has been more than once announced; it was expected at the beginning of the present year, and was then said to have been postponed until the 3d of March. The last intelligence we have obtained is from the *Moniteur* of January 21st. In this it is stated that the Russian government finds difficulty in obtaining recruits for the army, as the peasants, awaiting their emancipation, will not enlist on the same conditions as before; that the Assistant Minister of War proposed to call back to service the large force of a hundred thousand men absent on leave; and that the ukase which should definitively abolish serfdom was expected in the month of May.

Three plans must have suggested themselves to the minds of those statesmen by whom, under the auspices of the Emperor, this great work is in process of accomplishment. Should the serfs be emancipated without compensation to their owners, — with compensation to be paid by the crown, — or with compensation to be subsequently rendered by themselves?

The first of these plans would be liable to meet resistance by the owners, as unjust; yet the injustice would be more in

appearance than in reality. If the enfranchised slave remains to till the soil, receiving wages from his former master, the latter is no permanent loser. The wages only take the place of that provision which he formerly was obliged to make for his vassals; if the wages are apparently higher, the landholder is relieved from the care of the old and infirm, and the freedman's labor is more valuable to his employer than before his emancipation. Still, as in making the change a temporary loss might be experienced, a moderate compensation was wisely determined on. The national idea, too, connecting emancipation with ownership in the soil, not only furnished an additional reason for compensating the owner for his serfs, but required the purchase from him of a portion of his land.

The second plan contemplates the purchase of the peasants, with or without the land they cultivate, by the government. Prince Dolgoroukow advocates this, as far as relates to the enfranchisement of the peasants themselves. The crown, he says, introduced serfdom; and the expense of its abolition should be borne by the sale of the crown lands. Who are to buy these lands does not appear,—whether the nobles who have just parted with the serfs who might cultivate them, or the peasants who are but just emancipated. The sum required, even on the low estimate given, is enormous. For 10,850,000 male serfs—nothing being allowed for the females—the compensation, at 100 roubles for each, or about \$77.44, would be \$840,000,000. A still larger amount would be required for the purchase of the land, amounting to about \$1,355,000,000. This, the prince proposes, should be raised in a term of thirty-three years by the peasants themselves.

The plan of the government differs from that just described, in looking to the compulsory labor of the peasants, for several years to come, as the means of compensation to their present owners for their own enfranchisement, as well as for the land they cultivate. The details of that plan are not yet before the world. The condition of the peasant under such “compulsory labor” will differ from that of the former serf, partly in a more distinct recognition of his rights as a man, and his claim to the protection of the law,—partly in the introduction of the element of hope. His term of labor for another is to

have an end, though it may be a distant one; and that end may be brought nearer, if his industry can enable him to pay more each year than the law requires of the price appointed for his freedom and for the land he cultivates.

The progress of this great undertaking to its completion will be watched with deep interest by the civilized world. Obstacles undoubtedly exist, with whose nature we are but partially acquainted, though we can imagine their cause, in the fear of change, the tardy action of mere officials, and the opposition of those whose interests are opposed to emancipation. A scheme which seems simple in a general view may yet involve the most complicated arrangements of detail; and for these, time is indispensable. But though delays may take place, the boon of freedom is now too confidently expected by the serfs to allow the government to recede. May the great event, which raises twenty-two millions of human beings from slavery to freedom, find speedy and peaceful accomplishment; and while it sheds undying glory on the reign of Alexander II., may it encourage the efforts, throughout the world, of the friends of freedom and humanity.

ART. VII.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

WITH the new year we are favored with the first number of a *Monthly Magazine*,* under the sanction of several of the clergymen and laymen of the "Episcopal Church." It is not, however, called "*The Episcopal Church Monthly*," but "*The Church Monthly*,"—a breadth of name which gives us the right to hope that its future issues may make some reference to the various work of the Church of the present day, and to consider that it is by the accident of a beginning only that this number is devoted to affairs of the Episcopal Churches of England and America,—excepting an article of some length devoted to the *Christian Examiner*.

The plan of the new journal is somewhat vaguely stated, but seems generous, and we look on its continuance with interest and hope. We

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can say, — what it would not have been so proper for the editors to say in words in their own prospectus, — that it is understood that their hope is that a "Broad Church" Journal can be well maintained here; that this journal is to be free from the pettiness of the High Church fanatics, and from the narrowness of the Low Church fanatics. It will, of course, have its opinions on all subjects, and never descend to the weakness of being neutral. But by discussing the important subjects, and letting the trifles go by, — whether of Ritual on the one side, or of a false "Evangelicism" on the other, — it is hoped that a new Monthly may be maintained creditable to New England, to the Church itself, and to the Protestant Episcopal communion which undertakes it. In a hope so generous, we need not say, the new journal has our thorough sympathy.

We have long since learned to judge periodicals by their first year, rather than by their first number. The first number of this new journal bears marks of haste, — of that confusion behind the curtain which Lord Chesterfield says, or should have said, always attends a first performance. About three articles in four, for instance, speak of the Episcopal communion here under its proper name, or as "this church" or "our church," with due deference to that comprehensive statement of the American Prayer Book which recognizes all "denominations of Christians" in America as sister "churches." But occasionally some 'prentice hand is permitted to speak of it as *the* Church, — as if the proportion of Christians to the population of New England were smaller now than it was in the days when the Pilgrim Fathers and the Indians held the territory in unequal partition. All the contributors to a Broad Church journal will learn, before many issues, what is the real position of the particular Church to which its editors belong.

A certain dulness, however, rather than inconsistency, has been our chief complaint with the "Monthly." But we are quite willing to charge this also to the exigencies of a first number, got up in haste, — if we rightly understand the circumstances, — and without even the month's preparation which is quite short enough for work so difficult. With such editors and such contributors there is no danger that this shall be a permanent difficulty.

It is perhaps necessary, for courtesy's sake, that we should allude to the paper which occupies a sixth part of the journal, because, under the title "Recent Inquiries in Theology," it is devoted to the Christian Examiner and its editors. We see no reason but the courtesy due to a new journal for our doing so. The article has not yet reached an examination of the "Essays." In this introduction, Dr. Hedge's Preface to the "Inquiries" is quoted; and, as Dr. Hedge is supposed to be an editor of this journal, our review of the "Essays" last November is joined with his Preface to them as part and parcel of the same. The point is then made, with quite unnecessary acrimony, that Dr. Hedge and the Examiner have been guilty of "want of candor," showing "false colors," "false and disingenuous coloring," "gross disingenuousness," "disingenuous *petitio principii*," "sophistry," "untruthfulness," "a poor and sorry manœuvre," and "an attempt to

palm off" the Essays on the public as something they are not. All this attack rests on the charge made on Dr. Hedge of dubbing the authors "with the title of 'eminent divines,' calculated, as that title is, to diffuse a wrong idea throughout New England of the nature and weight of their writings in connection with the Church of England." The writer — who, we are glad to say, is somewhat careful to repel any suspicion that he is an American — then gives us, in different forms, his private opinions as to these gentlemen, — tells us how often they visit each other, with whom he happens to be acquainted, and who have not that privilege, and, in a word, ridicules the statement that they are "eminent divines," and charges us sometimes, and Dr. Hedge sometimes, with falsehood in asserting that they were.

Against this serious charge it would be enough to say that the phrases "eminent divine," "eminent Church of England divine," "eminent divines," which the author uses, in at least five instances, as quotations, — on which he founds the whole accusation of what he is pleased to call "the 'eminent divine' misrepresentation," are nowhere to be found in our pages or in Dr. Hedge's. The Monthly reviewer invented the phrase, said we used that particular phrase, and then charged us with falsehood in using it. But it does not appear anywhere in connection with this volume, so far as we know, until he invented it. We might very well permit what he calls the charge of "the 'eminent divine' misrepresentation" to rest here.

As we believe, however, that, after so unfortunate an opening of the discussion of the "Essay," the editors of the Monthly will prefer to put the continuation of it into other hands, we will repeat, what we have already stated very clearly, what our view of the position of the authors is. Our business, in reviewing their Essays, was with the papers, rather than with the men. We introduced them, however, to our readers as coming in part from some of "the foremost divines of Oxford," and we afterwards spoke of the authors as "six Episcopal divines and one layman." Dr. Hedge in his Preface used the following very careful language: "The seven dissertations are the productions of English Churchmen. Some of the writers occupy conspicuous stations, and are men of distinguished repute." He afterwards said: "The life of Anglican theology is now represented by such men as Powell and Williams and Maurice and Jowett and Stanley. Its strain and promise are apparent in these Essays." This is all that he or we have said of the personal status of these men in the English Establishment. His title-page called them "Eminent English Churchmen," which everybody admits they are. Our readers have never taken from us the impression that Lord Palmerston, who is at present the head of the English Establishment, had made bishops of them, or that he wanted to do so. But they did take the impression, — which is the true impression, — that so deeply leavened is that Establishment with the spirit of these men, that they are left free to conduct their inquiries, and publish their results. This palpable fact is ground of great encouragement to all who look upon that Church with hope that her future will avoid the errors of her past.

We should have said that nobody lived who would have cared to

meet our statement by saying, as our reviewer does, that none of these gentlemen has been promoted to very high ecclesiastical rank. But this measure of eminence appears to be his only measure, and his answer to our distinct statement is confined to a repetition in different forms of an announcement so unnecessary. He acknowledges that one or another of the authors is "a highly cultivated scholar," "a classical scholar and master of Grecian philosophy, *factus ad unguem*," "deservedly respected for his critical scholarship," "one of the ablest and most earnest votaries of physical science," "one of the most assiduous and faithful of Oxford tutors," and he groups them as "distinguished scholars of the English universities,"—"some of England's leading scholars." He also says that two of them "draw large revenues from the Church." When these statements are made by an author eager to disclaim any admiration for them, we might well leave Dr. Hedge's calm description of them as unimpeachable. For, certainly, no person but the author of this Review ever supposed that nominal rank in the Establishment would confer, of itself, additional distinction on men who could be thus described.

We will not, however, rest here. We take pleasure in saying that, while we disclaim any pretence that these writers have been elevated to the highest church preferment, we are perfectly willing to be held to the statement that the positions which they occupy are distinguished positions, and that, in every generous sense of the words, they have proved themselves eminent men. We have said that some of them were "some of the foremost divines of Oxford." We hold to that opinion. And we observe that almost at the moment the Church Monthly was ridiculing us for what we had not said of Mr. Pattison, and was speaking in condescending and patronizing phrase of him, the government of his own College was elevating him to the position of its Rector, and signifying thus their appreciation of his learning and Christianity. We will now add, that Oxford is at this moment known more widely, as more creditably, through the world and the Church, by the work of the group of men we named, than by that of any other of her "divines" now at work in her cloisters. The Monthly itself is obliged to throw Mr. Mansel overboard. It declares, and, what is worse, tries to prove, that his position is "wholly erroneous and untenable." We doubt if it would speak more mildly of Dr. Pusey. Nor do we believe that it will find Mr. Farrar or any of his associates counterweight of sufficient distinction to make up any list of "the foremost divines of Oxford," which shall leave out the men whose names are known most widely through the world,—the names, for instance, of Stanley and of Jowett, and, we may now add, the name more new to us of Mark Pattison, the Rector of Lincoln College. It is only from his untimely death that we are obliged to omit the name of Baden Powell. We will add, that, as the Church is, and as thought circulates so much more quickly than the fame of external honors, we do not believe that among the bishops of the English Establishment there is any group of seven men so well known through the Christian world for *their contributions to theological science*, as even this little group of the seven authors of these treatises.

A BOOK without a date seems to say to the reader that the question which it discusses is settled, that its own word is final, and that there is no need of any more publication on this subject. Becoming the standard and sufficient authority, it belongs to all time, and needs not the announcement of any particular year.

The confident dogmatism of Mr. Roberts's new "Inquiry" concerning the "Original Language of St. Matthew's Gospel"* would justify this interpretation of his dateless title-page. In spite, however, of his assurance that all doubt of the matter is now removed, we shall ask for more light before we yield to his special pleading. His book is ingenious, vigorous, plausible, and makes out a tolerable *primâ facie* case; but it is not convincing. There is an uncomfortable haste about some of the arguments, and the arguments on the other side are not fairly overthrown, or, in every instance, fairly weighed. The theory of Mr. Roberts is, that the Gospel of Matthew was written in Greek, and that there never was any Hebrew original. The argument to prove this on which he most relies comes from the theory of the Neapolitan Domenico Diodati, which he adopts, that Greek was the common language of Palestine in the time of Christ, and that it was not only understood, but written and spoken, by the Jewish people. He does not, indeed, go to the extreme of maintaining that the Aramæan tongue had become obsolete, and that the ancient speech of the people, as with the Copts and Armenians of the present day, was confined to the sacred books and the Temple service. But he asserts that the Greek was more widely used, and was a tongue in higher favor with the Jews, than their native Aramæan. His reasoning is not without force; and we are free to confess, that the hypothesis of Diodati has always seemed to us to have much in its favor, and not to deserve the contemptuous rejection which it has met from many critics. The greatest objection to the theory is the intrinsic improbability that such a nation as the Jewish nation should generally adopt the language of a Pagan people like the Greek.

After this principal argument come, in Mr. Roberts's survey, the proofs from the comparison of the first three Gospels, from the special structure of Matthew's Gospel, and from the testimonies of the Fathers, that the Greek which we have is the *original text*. Mr. Roberts fails, as we think, to set aside the force of the fact, that the almost unanimous testimony of the Fathers is to a *Hebrew original*. Reducing the testimony of all the later writers — Jerome, Eusebius, Origen, and the rest — to the simple statement of Papias, he ridicules Papias as an authority, and would set aside his words as childish and silly. Against these he arrays the evident Greek quotations from Matthew in the Epistles of Polycarp and Ignatius, older than Papias; neglecting to mention that the genuineness of these epistles is still controverted, and keeping out

* Inquiry into the Original Language of St. Matthew's Gospel; with relative Discussions on the Language of Palestine in the Time of Christ, and on the Origin of the Gospels. By the REV. ALEXANDER ROBERTS, A. M., Minister of the Presbyterian Church, St. John's Wood. London: Samuel Bagster and Sons. 8vo. pp. 167.

of sight the fact that the same writers who assert a Hebrew original for Matthew, allow a Greek translation in use before the time of Ignatius. Dr. Cureton's pretended discovery of an earlier Syriac copy of Matthew's Gospel is denounced by Mr. Roberts as simply preposterous.

The worst feature in Mr. Roberts's book, to a critical mind, is what he parades in his closing chapter as his main purpose in entering into the argument. His theory of the inspiration and infallibility of the letter of the Bible has dictated all his pleading. It will not do to admit that any part of the "Word of God" can be a translation, for inspiration does not belong to translators, though it does to writers. The question of the original of Matthew's Gospel, he contends, is the decisive question of Biblical science. He calls it the "Thermopylæ of sacred criticism," and declares that, unless the Greek text of Matthew can be proved to be as original as the Greek text of the other books of the New Testament, the whole theory of verbal inspiration or the inspiration of writers must be abandoned. He sees the overthrow of Christianity in the admission that we have in our Bible the writing of an uninspired man. Mr. Roberts professes that he does not call in the inspiration of the writers to help out any deficiency in his Scriptural argument. But he takes this for granted, and he takes it for granted in such a way that it becomes the *reason for not admitting* the arguments of the other side. He makes the confident assertion, (of which he furnishes no proof, because there is none,) "that, if there be one thing more evident than another in the New Testament, it is the claim which it puts forth to be recognized as an inspired book." Now the New Testament puts forth no such claim anywhere. It does not even claim to be "a book"; and it was not *a book*, until the "age of inspiration," as Mr. Roberts conceives this, had already ceased. And it is absurd for a decent Biblical critic to intimate that the New Testament writings can properly be included in Paul's remark of "all Scripture given by inspiration of God," into which Mr. Roberts not only puts the verb "*is*," but also foists his idea of *special* inspiration. However desirable it may be to know that we have the "very words" of the Saviour in Matthew's Gospel, it is unwarrantable to press this as a critical reason.

The closing chapter of this really able survey of a critical question spoils the whole, by letting out the motive of the survey. Appearing as a champion of an untenable theory, Mr. Roberts loses the influence which his learning and his logic would otherwise give him as a special pleader.

THE work of M. Renan* is but an incidental one in the course of his Semitic studies. He rightly regards Job as the ideal Semitic poem. His work is a model of condensed learning, of vigorous scholarship, and judicious comparison of critics from Schultens to Hirzel and De Schlottmann. He has other merits than those of a mere compiler. While rendering full justice to the merits of Ewald and Hirzel as commenta-

* Le Livre de Job, traduit de l'Hebreu. Par ERNEST RENAN.
Étude sur l'Âge et le Caractère du Poème. Deuxième édition. 1860.

tors, he has his own merit of original scholarship. The translation seems uniquely forcible and literal, while preserving the spirit of the original. M. Renan preserves the parallelism as the very genius of Hebrew poetry, and designates it, felicitously, as *rime de pensées*. We present some renderings which seem to preserve, better than our translation, or even than that of Professor Noyes, the meaning and spirit of the original Hebrew. Ch. 3, v. 8, the common version is, "who are ready to raise up their mourning," which has no meaning, and does not give the sense of the Hebrew at all. Professor Noyes comes nearer, "who are skilful to stir up the leviathan," for he truly says, that the word *תנין* denotes "a huge serpent." M. Renan has seized better the spirit of the original, translating it "Dragon," which in the East was supposed to cause eclipses by swallowing up for a time sun and moon. In ch. 3, v. 14, our version has "who built for themselves desolate places." Professor Noyes has "ruins," and M. Renan "des mausolées." In verse 24, instead of "my sighing cometh before I eat," M. Renan's version, "my sighs have become, as it were, my meat," preserves much better the parallelism. In ch. 4, v. 21, "the cord of their tent is cut" is much more felicitous than "their excellency is torn away." In ch. 6, v. 9, "cut off the thread of my life" is better than "make an end of me." Professor Noyes translates ch. 6, v. 27, "Truly ye spread a net for the fatherless, ye dig a pit for your friend;" M. Renan, "Traîtres, vous joueriez au dé de l'orphelin; vous trafiquez de vos amis." In ch. 9, v. 13, Professor Renan explains "proud helpers" by the term "la milice du Dragon"; the revolted crew who fought against God, and who were represented as chained. Wherever a proverbial expression is made use of, the version is singularly expressive; as, ch. 14, v. 14, "till my change come," is rendered "till they relieve me from my post." In ch. 36, v. 33, the common version is pure nonsense, — "the noise thereof sheweth concerning it; the cattle also concerning the vapor." Professor Noyes is good, — "He uttereth to him his voice, to the herds also and the plants." But we get a still better understanding of the verse from M. Renan, — "The noise of his step announces his approach; the terror of the herds reveals his coming." The translation of ch. 39, v. 16, "She careth little that her labor is in vain," gives some meaning to the words, "her labor is in vain without fear." We never could make out what it meant where it says, "He maketh the sea like a pot of ointment;" but Professor Renan's note, "an allusion this to the odor of musk which is characteristic of the crocodile," seems to give some light. We had marked many other passages which are an improvement upon our English versions, but we have no space for them. We have been pleased to see that, where the translation of Professor Noyes differs most widely from the common one, the same rendering is to be found in the French that he gives. We have derived from the comparison an increased confidence in the Professor's great excellence as a translator.

In regard to the period in which the poem was written, M. Renan decides for the epoch when the ancient nomadic spirit had not become

extinct, and the energetic reforms of Josiah had not given the decided bent to the Jewish people which afterwards characterized it, — about the year 770 before Christ. The song of Hezekiah in Isaiah xxxviii. has many points of relation with the poetry of Job; and about Hezekiah, who died 696 years before the Christian era, there was gathered a sort of academy of parabolic poetry, as referred to in the 25th chapter of Proverbs: "These are the proverbs of Solomon, which the men of Hezekiah copied out." And in Isaiah, who began to prophesy about 750 B. C., there are many passages which belong, as it were, to the same atmosphere. Those similar passages, in Isaiah and the Psalms, it is not necessary to suppose imitations or copies. They are of the same period, — poetic commonplaces which, in a manner, belong to all.

In regard to interpolations, M. Renan would guard us against expecting the vigorous unity which we look for in a poem to-day; and, while looking for this, hastily rejecting some parts which seem repetitions, ill-jointed and unconsequential. He considers the poem unintelligible without the prologue and epilogue. The Satan is one of the sons of God, and has no affinity with the Persian Ahriman. The whole tone is different from the later representations of Tobias, Esther, and Daniel. He does not agree with Ewald in rejecting the descriptions of Behemoth and Leviathan, but considers them written by the same hand as the rest of the poem. He regards the discourse of Elihu as an interpolation by a later hand. His dictionary is a different one from the rest of the poem; his favorite terms are not used by the other interlocutors, and his whole style is different. This cannot be an attempt to mark the individuality of Elihu, for antiquity knew nothing of characterization. It belongs to a much more advanced period in literature, to make each personage speak in a particular style. The style, too, of Elihu's speeches is dull, cold, and pretentious. Its affectation is marked with obscurities, and the translator feels himself transported into a different world. The difficulties are of another sort than those presented by the rest of the poem. M. Renan is of the opinion that the Book of Job has been extensively mutilated and altered, — never having been held in high regard by the Jews as an inspired composition. He calls it rightly the most sublime protest of man's moral nature, and its cry to God; and, in a sense, the result of the highest philosophy, showing that man has only to veil his face before the infinite problem which the government of the world offers to his meditation. Instead of explaining the universe to man, he says, God points out the small part which man holds in the universe. But to this estimate of the moral of the drama we should demur, if we are to consider the prologue and epilogue as really belonging to it; for they profess some insight into the Divine counsels. If written by a Hebrew, it has nothing of the air of Palestine, but is "an echo of the ancient wisdom of Theman."

The whole "Study of the Poem," which precedes the translation, is a model of scholarly, lucid, and neat criticism, presenting in a condensed form the results of a most thorough and learned investigation of German commentators.

"Is M. Ernest Hello crazy, or is he only foolish?" — will be the natural inquiry of the impatient reader of his extraordinary attempt to demolish liberal criticism and philosophy by a series of startling propositions and antitheses.* Who is this presumptuous neophyte, who steps in with his empty bluster, to settle the grave dispute which scholars and thinkers have tried in vain to adjust? Who is this new Elihu who would convict of atheism that noble scholar, M. Renan, who has spent such force and patience upon the establishment of sound Scriptural knowledge and rational religious faith? The books are silent concerning him, nor has M. Renan thus far deigned to answer him. He writes with all the confidence, but without any of the skill, of a Jesuit. His book is the logic and the thought of St. Sulpice dressed in the jerking rhetoric of the cheap *feuilleton*. We give a few specimens of his quality. "The furious atheist," he says, "speaks to you in polished phrase of his respect *for all religions*. This plural is a perfidy! Religion is the unique and absolute religion. It is that which is named *religion*. The religions which are not Catholicism are alterations of religion." He thinks that, when the soul triumphs over the body, the force of gravity is overcome, and a man may be lifted up in his ecstasy. "When our love is in heaven, why may not our body show, by a material rapture, that it is borne up by the soul, and that man gravitates upward, because on high is placed his centre of attraction?" Protestantism he calls the "original sin of modern society." It is dead, dried, and only remaining in a pile of bones. It is very touching to listen to M. Hello's final cry, beseeching the Teutonic mind to come back to the ancient hearth and altar. "The Church is waiting for you. She bears, since the catastrophe which parted you from her, the eternal mourning of a mother. She repeats over you the words of the prophet king over his lost boy: 'Absalom, my son, my son Absalom!' Ezekiel was in presence of cold and broken bones, when he heard this word: 'Breathe upon them, son of man, breathe and prophesy!' He breathed, life returned and the dead arose. Your science is only a pile of gigantic ruins, which must revive in the breath of the Holy Spirit. You change to a cathedral the hollow tomb where the cold relics of your ancestors rest." Yes, Schelling is dead, Hegel is dead, and why should not Germany become blind and Catholic again?

M. SERMENT is evidently not fully in sympathy with the association of Broad Church Catholics, who sustain the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in its present impartial criticism of men and opinions. He is too much of a Protestant to be entirely impartial. And his work on Liberalism † has merit rather as an exposure of the weakness of the Romanist and Socialist positions, than as a fair statement of the principles of largest

* M. Renan, *l'Allemagne et l'Athéisme au XIX. Siècle*. Par ERNEST HELLO. Paris: Charles Douuiol. 1859. 8vo. pp. 173.

† *Le Libéralisme. Ses Principes, son But, ses Preuves*. Christianisme et Libéralisme. Catholicisme et Libéralisme, Obstacles, Moyens. Par J. H. SERMENT. Paris: Joël Cherbuliez. 1860. 12mo. pp. 342.

freedom. It is somewhat prolix and verbose; yet, with all its defects of style, it is interesting and valuable not only for its criticisms, but for the information which it gives concerning the state of ideas and of religious parties in France. M. Serment's ideal, both of a state and a church, is one where there is just government enough to preserve order, but where, beyond this, there is the widest range given to individual freedom. He uses the maxim that "the best government is that which governs least," and sees in personal liberty of thought, of speech, of creed, and of worship, not only a natural human right, but the motive of all progress and the guaranty of all comfort. Some of his maxims sound strangely to one who has been only a superficial reader of history. "A believing king," he says, "cannot help being a liberal prince"! Was Philip of Spain, that model of all devotees, "a liberal prince"? "The courts," he says, "now repudiate the idea that monarchs can be superior to the laws of morality." Do the courts of France venture to arraign Louis Napoleon for his falsehoods, or the courts of Germany bring the crowned seducers to trial for their crimes?

M. Serment's general theory of religion is excellent. There is no religion worthy of the name, he says, which does not aim to make men better. Religion is spurious when it separates itself from morality, — from public morality not less than private. No profligate ruler can be fit to rule, much less can a profligate Pope claim from his office divine right or sanctity. He ridicules the idea that the Vicar of Christ may be personally the most immoral and contemptible of men, "not even converted to the Gospel." His liberalism is individualism. He has no faith in societies which pretend to contain more or to do more than the aggregate of their members, or in any state religion which is more than the personal religion of those who make up the state.

CLASSICS AND EDUCATION.

THOSE of our readers who are familiar with Barnard's *Journal of Education* will need no other recommendation of the volumes named below* than the simple statement that they are compilations from its pages. That excellent work, though conducted with eminent ability and skill, has yet always contained, as it seems to us, an undue proportion of articles of too general and theoretical a character, — dry and unattractive in themselves, and of value rather to the curious student than to the practical teacher or the general reader. But there have been very many articles of great interest to all who desire a more broad and elevated standard of culture in our schools: and we rejoice, therefore, to see that Dr. Barnard "proposes to issue annually, so long as he continues to act as Agent of the Regents of Normal Schools of Wisconsin, a DOCUMENT, embodying a number of Papers, which he may deem worthy of study and preservation by the Teachers of Wisconsin."

* Papers for the Teacher. Republished from Barnard's *American Journal of Education*. First Series, 1859. Second Series, 1860. New York: F. C. Brownell. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 381, 434.

They will for the most part have been originally prepared for and published in the *American Journal of Education*."

We have looked over these volumes with much satisfaction; and are sure that no teacher, and no person intelligently interested in the general subjects, can read them without exceeding profit, both from the variety and importance of the topics themselves, and the ability with which they are discussed. The leading Paper, occupying nearly a half of the First Series, is an Essay, by William Russell, on the Cultivation of the Perceptive, Reflective, and Expressive Faculties. This is followed by what seems to us by far the ablest and most original of all the Papers in the two volumes; namely, four articles on the True Order of Studies, by President Hill of Antioch College. The leading ideas on which they are based are found in his able Address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge in 1858, and in his Inaugural Address at Yellow Springs in 1859. Whatever may be thought of the minor details, no one can fail to be impressed with the freshness, force, suggestiveness, and the earnestness which amounts almost to eloquence, of these brief articles. As a proof of the attention they have already excited among educators, we remember being much amused last summer by reading in the newspaper reports of a Teachers' Convention, — not, we are happy to add, in New England, — an abstract of an address by the Principal of a certain State Normal School, which, so far as appeared without a syllable of acknowledgment, presented, as the speaker's views of the true order of studies, merely a restatement, word for word, of the whole system which forms the peculiar and striking feature of Dr. Hill's articles. We are glad that those who listened with delight to that ingenius orator may now know whom to thank for their enjoyment.

The next Paper consists of a series of eleven Letters to a Young Teacher, by Gideon F. Thayer. These are marked in general by the sagacity, good sense, and practical wisdom which we should expect from the long experience and marked success of this veteran teacher; but we must in passing enter our distinct protest against the whole system of rewards and prizes for which he argues so earnestly in the last letter. A Catechism on Methods of Teaching, from the German, (which appears to us the driest and most meagre of all the articles we have examined in the two volumes,) and Dr. Huntington's popular Lecture on Unconscious Tuition, first delivered before the teachers of Maine, are prominent among the remaining Papers of the First Series.

The Second Series has more unity of purpose, being a collection of seventeen Papers, all bearing upon the subject of the "Principles and Practice of Primary Education, as adopted in the Model and Training Schools of Great Britain." We are especially glad to see this subject so fully and ably presented, in so connected a form, and with such ample and practical illustrations. In all discussions upon the subject of education, it is allowed that the earliest impressions are the most important, and that the primary schools, therefore, need the most thoughtful attention. And yet, until very recently, they have been shockingly and fatally neglected. And even now, notwithstanding the

decided improvements recently made in the Boston schools of this class by the present efficient Superintendent, one must, so far as we know, go out of New England to find primary education conducted according to the most intelligent principles. We know of no other place in this country where this subject has been so thoroughly dealt with in practice as Syracuse, N. Y. But, judging from the testimony before us, nothing has as yet been systematically done here which can compare, in thoroughness and efficiency, with what is done in Great Britain.

The first seven Articles in this second volume are upon Object Lessons and Oral Instruction, and the remaining ten Papers treat of the Progress of Elementary Education in Ireland, Scotland, and England respectively. They consist of Essays by the most eminent and experienced men in this department upon topics whose character and importance are sufficiently indicated by the titles: Oral Lessons on Real Objects; Specimen Notes of Object Lessons; Lessons on Natural Science and Common Things; Necessity of Elementary Instruction in Economical Science; Subjects and Methods of Early Education; Manual of the System of Primary Education in the Model Schools of the British and Foreign School Society. When we think of the dismal swamps through which the young pupil had to pass, in former times, in his way to the Hill of Science, we hail with hearty welcome the better prospect in store for those who come after us. We do not believe in making a play-room of the school, nor in leading even the little child to imagine that he can get anything worth having without working for it. But we do think it of vast importance that he be not compelled to work blindfold, and that he be taught clearly to comprehend, at the very outset, whether he is working for chaff or for bread. We see not the use of teaching him to mortify the flesh by making his food, whether carnal or mental, tasteless. We thoroughly believe that, if every teacher of a primary school were well imbued with the principles laid down in these Papers, and should carry them out intelligently in practice, more would be done to advance the cause of education and to raise the standard of school culture than has already been accomplished for the Common Schools of Massachusetts since the establishment of the Board of Education.

WE would take shame to ourselves for not having sooner noticed the excellent work of Mrs. Botta,* if our neglect had been in the least degree voluntary. The fault has not been ours. The blame belongs to an individual who had engaged to furnish us with a notice, but while he kept the promise to our ear, he always broke it to our hope. We have talked to him, but to no purpose. He talks so much himself that he can hear nobody else talk; or, if perchance he should hear, he does not heed. We have taxed him with his breach of promise. *That* made no impression on him,—and we do not wonder, since he

* *Hand-Book of Universal Literature.* By ANNE C. LYNCH BOTTA. New York: Derby and Jackson.

has been defendant in three lawsuits which imply treason to still more affecting engagements. In the last case of the kind, we understand that he paid the damages at once, on the rendition of the verdict, and went out of court, murmuring one of Sheridan's songs from "The Duenna," — "Had I a heart for falsehood framed." We dunned him like a tailor with a bill of five years' standing: but he took the attitude of Ancient Pistol, and, with a mouthing which would have done credit to a Lyceum lecturer or a dramatic reader, exclaimed: "Base is the slave that pays!" We appealed to his honor, and he answered us with Falstaff's soliloquy. We put it to his sense of duty. He told us that there was nothing that he more disliked than doing duty. We asked him if he was not ashamed of being so lazy. He said, "Not in the least: he was predestined to be lazy, and he was making his calling and election sure."

Levity aside, we regret that a notice of Mrs. Botta's book has not been earlier in our pages; but as the book is one of permanent excellence and utility, our involuntary and temporary silence cannot interfere with its success: and we wish it all success. We write this in no spirit of puffing or partiality, but in a sincere respect for honest and well-bestowed labor, and because we think that a new and admirable contribution has been added to the means of culture and education.

A book of this sort was a great need. Not only do young people want a compact manual of literary reference, in the opening of their studies, but even advanced readers need a work which may serve as short-hand notes at the close of many and earnestly devoted years. Even grave and meditative scholars may review their learning with advantage in rapid pages such as these. The most erudite man will have his memory refreshed as to matters that he had entirely forgotten, or his attention drawn to matters that seem to him entirely new. Books are so multiplied, and with such rapidity, that no life is long enough and no study diligent enough to keep even the run of them. No reader could, with any industry, during the ordinary life of man, get through the mere catalogues of a few great public libraries, and it would tax more time than any man has to spare for study, to keep pace with the announcements of the leading publishers in two or three literary languages. A fine mind, which condescends to make a good abridgment in any sphere of knowledge, is a true benefactor. Literature is the garnered result of all that cultivated humanity has cared to preserve of its choicest life. Any writer, therefore, who can give us a clear and distinct vision of this life, has no common claim on our gratitude and our attention.

The compression of the matter in this little book is quite as remarkable as the compass of it. It seems to us a surpassing achievement to trace the entire History of Literature, from "The Book of Genesis," to the "New York Ledger," and omit in the interval no name that time has remembered, and no record which the world has thought worthy of distinction, for genius or goodness, for wickedness or wit. To do so without the dryness of a catalogue — to do so with a

precision which satisfies the intellect, and yet with feeling and fancy that excite both moral and æsthetic sensibility — shows the highest accomplishment of study, skill, and talent.

This end has been attained in part, by the felicity of order and arrangement. The book undoubtedly has faults. The very conditions and limitations of its purpose necessitated imperfections. It could not be minutely analyti-critical, or polemic; and yet there is in the whole spirit of it a liberal, tolerant, and independent tone. It has no favoritism for sect or party, for clique or school. The uniformity of measure in the quantity, quality, and force of epithets might be matter of objection, — but this could hardly be avoided in articles so general and so brief, in which mental attributes much alike were repeatedly to be noticed.

We hope to see it in the school, the college, and the study: we hope to see it in the hand of the child, and on the desk of the scholar; and if, at present, it is not all that it can be made, we hope that many and future editions will amend it and enlarge it.

THE Messrs. Appleton have issued, "to subscribers only," the first number of a series in which Herbert Spencer is recasting his earlier publications, together with maturer treatises and essays, into something like a system.* We trust that succeeding numbers of this series will give us the opportunity we have been waiting for, to review at more length the writings of this very vigorous and able thinker. Along with this first issue, the same publishers have given us a series of four educational papers† by the same author, originally printed in various reviews. They are included under the titles, "What Knowledge is of most Worth?" followed by "Intellectual," "Moral" and "Physical Education." The style is a little hard and dictatorial, — reminding us now and then of the unskilfulness and conceit of an unpractised writer, — and the range of argument rather narrow and precise, presenting as strong a contrast as possible to Emerson's *Essay on "Culture,"* or Richter's ever-fascinating "*Levana*." Much is a protest against wrong system and false dogmatism; and while this accounts for the quality we have spoken of, we must also give the volume credit for a great amount of wholesome hint and useful illustration.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

FOR several years we have found pleasant material for filling in the gaps between intervals of sterner study, in reading from week to week the generally instructive pages of the *London Athenæum*. For some time past its columns have been enriched with matter of the highest interest in the exact details of history gathered from the newly-opened and orderly-disposed treasures of the English State Paper Office. One

* *First Principles*. By HERBERT SPENCER. Number I. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

† *Education; Intellectual, Moral, and Physical*. By HERBERT SPENCER. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

stands amazed at the revelations brought to light from those rich repositories. The mind is burdened and confused by the train of suggestions which they excite. A new sense is awakened of the characteristics of the English mind and nature, shown in its careful preservation of documentary matter, as if papers seemingly of the most trivial and ephemeral contents would at some time prove — as the event has shown that they are — of the very highest value in settling, or verifying, or rectifying, or reversing judgments upon marked men or marked events. It is enough to say — on the strength of the evidence that has already transpired — that the opening to the use of literary men of those stores of prime authority, will prompt to, if it should not necessarily require, the rewriting of the biographies of prominent men, and of the histories of their times, during the period when those men and times give the highest interest to English annals.

Mr. W. H. Dixon, the author of the very significant volume upon Lord Bacon now in our hands,* has realized the value of those literary treasures, and his faithful and skilful use of them has appeared from the fruits of his researches, given from time to time in the columns of the *Athenæum*, of which we believe he is the Editor. A year ago we read in that journal a series of articles which intimated substantially the tenor and contents of the book before us. Mr. Dixon had satisfied himself that the historic judgment passed upon the great Viscount St. Albans was false. That judgment was one of severe moral repro-bation. Pope had expressed it in a distich of stinging satire. Lord Macaulay had elaborated it in his rhetorical sentences of brilliant, but too often cynical, skill in the dissection of dead hearts and heads, and embalmed reputations. Lord Campbell — a successor of the high officials whose Lives he wrote in a series — contented himself with repeating the old charges against the great Lord Chancellor, without, as it would appear, the outlay of the slightest effort even for the calmer verification, much less for the gentler statement or mitigation of them. Mr. Dixon has accomplished what he essayed to do, and he has accomplished it triumphantly. From authentic documents of the most authoritative character, he has lifted all reproach from the conduct and the repute of Francis Bacon.

We could have wished that Mr. Dixon had given us a complete memoir, — one that would have covered the whole life and presented in full the genius of the magnificently endowed man whose fame he has vindicated. The new matter which he has discovered and used would have abundantly justified a recasting of the old matter, for the sake of an organic incorporation into it. Indeed, we are not certain but that our author may have risked some of the incidental rewards of his high service by the fragmentary form into which he has cast his precious materials. We are not altogether pleased with his style, which is artificial and abrupt; nor with his method, which takes for granted in his readers a far more minute and exact acquaintance with the men and times dealt

* *Personal History of Lord Bacon. From unpublished Papers.* By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON, of the Inner Temple. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. 12mo. pp. 424.

with in his narrative than one reader in two hundred possesses. Yet it seems ungracious to utter even these fair criticisms. The sterling character of the volume, the perfect mastery which the author of it has over its subject matter, the modest and simple way in which he presents his most significant evidence, and the quaint curtness with which he drops before the woolsack of Lord Campbell certain charges worthy of revision by his Lordship, — will secure to his book and to the author a high meed of just applause.

It gives us particular pleasure, while speaking of Mr. Dixon's very fascinating volume, to call attention to the sumptuous edition of Bacon's Works * publishing by Messrs. Brown and Taggard. In paper and typography, in convenience of size and carefulness of editing, it appears to be all that could be desired. The volumes hitherto published do not contain the more important works ; but we have been much interested in the special and sideway illustration they furnish of the growth and habits of that illustrious mind. In aiding our judgment of Bacon's intellect and character, the religious meditations and prayers, the confession of faith, the brief notes, the collections of proverbs and popular sayings, or maxims of the law, are of scarce inferior value to the Essays or larger treatises. A portion of this work seems to be made up from fragmentary notes and memoranda, and the work of composition is the editor's, — as it were a chapter of literary biography. We are glad of the assurance this gives of the minute fidelity with which the work is done ; and we earnestly call the attention of readers to this noble and beautiful monument of the most rich and fertile intellect, perhaps, in the constellation of England's greatness.

It is a duty as well as a pleasure to add a word respecting the very handsome series of classical English works, both literary and historical, in course of publication by Messrs. Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. The well-known Boston editions of Hume, Gibbon, and Macaulay reappear in a very superior style, adding the grace of outward beauty to their substantial merits of accuracy, clearness, and convenience. The list of publications of this extensive house shows a large number of valuable standard works, including those of the late firm of Phillips, Sampson, & Co., together with several of the handsomest and most deservedly popular of more recent books.

No style of narrative is so fascinating as the autobiographical, provided it is managed with becoming modesty. In this particular, † Miss Zakrzewska's Letter is a model. It has also, in addition to abundant and absorbing interest, the rare quality of unity and singleness of purpose. Mrs. Dall well calls it a "Practical Illustration," — though

* The Works of FRANCIS BACON. Boston : Brown and Taggard. Vols. XI. to XIV.

† A Practical Illustration of "Woman's Right to Labor ;" or a Letter from MARIA E. ZAKRZEWSKA, M. D., late of Berlin, Prussia. Edited by MRS. CAROLINE H. DALL. Boston : Walker, Wise, & Co.

the context should have been, rather, of woman's ability to labor, than her "right," since her right rests upon her ability, and that being substantiated, the "right" will be readily conceded, as in Miss Zakrzewska's case. Apart from the direct bearing of the narrative, it is valuable as showing the baneful influences which emigrants have to contend against in our great cities; and should stimulate a righteous indignation which will put in train means to abate such monstrous iniquities as those practised upon the unfriended work-women in those cities.

Mrs. Dall's part of the book is skilfully performed, and shows a realization of the greatest obstacle in the way of the reform in which she is engaged, — namely, the supineness of the sex whose "rights" she advocates.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

FRENCHMEN are indifferent travellers, yet they write capital books of travel. The scenes and adventures which Dumas describes and constructs without leaving Paris, are far more graphic and spirited than nine tenths of the voracious records of English and American voyagers. If a Frenchman sees comparatively little, he has the faculty of telling well what he sees. This faculty is illustrated in M. Dabadie's book about South America.* It goes over very little ground, and gives only a moderate amount of information, yet it charms the reader far more than such bulky journals as those of Barth and Atkinson. It contains sketches of Rio Janeiro, Lima, and one or two other smaller towns, varied by descriptions of slave life, monastic life, brigand life, and Indian life, — of the Emperor of Brazil, the tyrant of La Plata, and the misanthropic doctor of Mato Grosso, — of the stormy Cape, and of sailors' superstitions, — all given with the most inimitable grace and humor. Of politics there is very little, of political economy still less. We are spared catalogues of import and export, and are not treated to any elaborate historical summary. There is, too, not much description of natural scenery, no long attempt to paint by words the color of sky or sea, or the extraordinary luxuriance of tropical verdure. M. Dabadie has an eye for natural beauties, and does not let the landscapes pass unnoticed; yet he is more interested in men and women than in hills or forests, and prefers the manners and customs of human life to any detail of fauna or flora. Of slavery he has an unmitigated hatred and horror. Familiarity with it does not weaken his sense of its radical wickedness, and the real abominations only confirm the abstract idea of its wrong. The tone of the whole volume, indeed, is at once liberal and humane, strong in hostility to tyrannical abuses, and frank in exposure of hypocrisy, sensuality, and every form of vice.

If there is anything odd or curious, M. Dabadie is sure to see it. In the Convent of the Augustines at Lima, he noticed the marble skeleton so admirably carved by the sculptor Balthazar, — one of the most dreadful of all works of art, — and takes occasion to tell from this the story of

* *A travers l'Amérique du Sud.* Par F. DABADIE. Paris: Ferdinand Sartorius. 1859. 12mo. pp. 387.

that unfortunate genius. He translates from the walls of this convent the thirty-seven chapters of the life of St. Dominic, illustrated by a wealth of miracle such as no European life of the Saint has displayed. Perhaps the most brilliant chapter is that devoted to the ladies of Lima, whom he presents as at once the most frail, fascinating, and perfidious of their sex, — beautiful, lazy, reckless, and profligate to the last degree. Their chief occupation is talking scandal and smoking cigarettes. Culture they have not, and they despise it. They dress with exquisite taste, and indulge the passion for dress without regard to expense, ruining brothers, husbands, and lovers to gratify this passion. Their dances are lascivious, and though they eat moderately, they take delight in getting drunk, and in Bacchanalian orgies. They are patriotic to excess, and boast their city and its works of art as superior to anything else in the world. Certain persons when they die "expect to go to Paris." All the world knows the Neapolitan proverb. Mohammed did not think it needful to describe Paradise to one who had seen Damascus. But the Lima lady insists that Paradise would be intolerably dull, if there were not a window in it to look down occasionally upon the Peruvian capital. The Peruvian proverb — of which M. Dabadie tested to the fullest extent the accuracy — runs, "Lima is the paradise of women, the purgatory of men, and the hell of donkeys." The only exception to this last item is in the case of the ass which figures on Palm Sunday. This sacred brute is neither beaten nor burdened, but is caressed by the women as if he were a King Charles's spaniel.

M. Dabadie's portrait of the monks of South America is quite as sharply drawn. He finds them given over to all sorts of scandalous vice, — utterly regardless of cenobite vows, and eminent in works of lust, gluttony, avarice, and plunder. They ridicule the sacred books while they read them, and make no pretensions to any Christian virtue. They get all that they can, and spend what they get in anything but in acts of charity or piety. They are examples to the people only of filth, profanity, and rapacity. The exceptions to this statement are enough to prove the rule: and here, as in all his sketches of character, M. Dabadie gives facts to justify his sweeping denunciations. The demoniac wickedness of Rosas is traced to the fact that he was educated by the Franciscan monks, who teach their pupils "to believe in the Devil much more than in God." The worst pictures of Rabelais and Boccaccio are represented in what one sees every day of his life in the convents of Lima, in any one of the half-dozen orders. They are the centres of all iniquity.

Of the numerous books about the Lebanon and the Syrian question to which the recent disturbances in that region have given birth, that of M. Poujade,* if not the most complete in its details or the most wise in its suggestions, is at any rate one of the most interesting. The author has lived long enough in the East to know thoroughly the tribes and

* *Le Liban et la Syrie, 1845-1860.* Par M. EUGÈNE POUJADE. Paris: A. Bourdilliat et Cie. 1860. 12mo. pp. 319.

the scenes which he attempts to describe. His diplomatic character made him an adept in all the schemes of tortuous management which have characterized the administration of Turkey in Syria, and his intense Catholic zeal gives his book a raciness of style even while vitiating its conclusions. He hates the Druses and loves the Maronites, excuses the sins of the Christians as blunders, and denounces the errors of the infidels as abominable sins. He holds in especial horror the propagandists of heresy, and treats the English nation and the Protestant missionaries as the worst foes of the Syrian people, and the secret authors of the strife and bloodshed. The remedy for existing evils must come in the interference of the Catholic powers; the Turkish rule must be set aside, and France must occupy the land, to protect the rights of the Christian conscience, — which mean with M. Poujade, the claims of the Roman Church.

The single instance in this volume in which the Catholic writer allows his sympathy to modify his orthodoxy is in his story of the persecution of the heretic Maronite, Essad Chadiak, who had been won away from the faith of his fathers by the promises of the Protestant missionaries, or more perhaps "by the potent charm of the society of the young ladies belonging to the Protestant mission." Essad used his genius and eloquence to overthrow in the Mountain the ancient Church, — went from village to village, arousing the peasants, attacking the priests "with the most passionate invective and the most bitter sarcasms," and exhausting "the vocabulary of Protestant scurrilities." The thing, of course, could not be allowed to go on. Essad was arrested, imprisoned in the convent of Canobin, tortured, and finally murdered, in spite of the efforts of the missionaries to help him, and the remonstrances of M. Poujade, who protested against this means of saving a soul by destroying a life. In his very narrative, however, of this act of religious tyranny, he takes occasion to draw a parallel between the self-sacrifice, the charity, and the devotion of the Catholic missionaries, and the comparative indolence, luxury, and selfishness of the "Biblist" teachers, faring sumptuously in their comfortable houses, and with their elegant wives and well-clad children. His parallel is not wholly without reason, in spite of the bigotry which suggests it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE great problem of American politics is discussed, ably and temperately, in a thick, handsome pamphlet, published in Philadelphia.* The moral conditions of the problem, in its bearing on individuals, we think, are too much kept out of sight. "Race" is treated too much as a pure and absolute fatality, and the capacities of the African, whether as shown in Africa, Hayti, or Jamaica, have been studied with quite too little care to make this a complete or fair treatment of the question. But its outlines are traced with singular vigor, and its bearing on the

* The Laws of Race as connected with Slavery. Philadelphia: Willis P. Hazard.

present perplexities of our system is presented with great eloquence and force. That the races, white and black, can never mingle, save imperfectly at the edges of contact, — that the white race is the depository of law, civilization, art, and executive skill, — that an instinct, undefinable and ineradicable, and hence to be accounted divine, appoints to each its place of authority or submission, and its boundaries of climate, which it cannot permanently transgress, — that the importation of slaves or the spread of slavery can only hasten the inevitable time when the black will predominate and rule, to the extirpation of the white, in all the hotter parts of our continent, — these are the positions argued, with a force of conviction and terse energy of language very rare to find in our political discussions.

UNDER the head of "Classics and Education" we have recorded the titles of several publications of Messrs. Cassell & Co., which claim a place of their own a little apart from our well-known manuals. They are prepared by the indefatigable and scholarly hand of Dr. Beard, whose fidelity in so many tasks of literature and criticism is a guaranty for the quality of this. They are in the form of compact and cheap volumes, giving very familiar and direct instruction to a class of learners supposed to be away from schools and learned apparatus; in short, to the intelligent among the laboring people desirous of finding out what learning is. The task is simplified to the last degree, — Greek (without accents) and Latin are given in little pocket volumes that include both grammar and reading lessons, with practice enough to make a very respectable beginning. The English manual is a peculiarly felicitous familiar guide to correct speaking and writing. The Latin Dictionary — condensed and portable — promises well, though its type does not quite enough favor the eye. For those who desire such a degree of scholarship as we have implied, these books may be cordially recommended; but not as taking the place of those already known in our classical schools.

WORCESTER'S standard lexicographical series is apparently completed by the publication of the "Elementary" and the "Primary" Dictionaries, lately registered among recent publications. But one gap is left in it, which we should like to see filled in some such form as this: —

A volume of about 1500 octavo pages, to contain the most complete attainable vocabulary of the English tongue. It should include (in separate lists or suitably distinguished) the cognate dialects, Scottish, Irish, and Yankee, provincial and slang, — as far as possible, every word one may chance to meet in modern English literature. Our best dictionaries now leave one quite helpless in whole passages of Scott and Dickens, of Miss Brontë and Mrs. Gaskell, to say nothing of Sam Slick and Mrs. Stowe.

Secondly, to make room for this immense vocabulary, most of the etymological matter, and much information properly encyclopedical, must be omitted; and the few regular inflections which our tongue admits (as *ness* and *ly* at the end of every adjective) must not be allowed to

swell the list of independent words. The definitions, also, need not explain every figurative or familiar sense that may happen to occur. In this way perhaps half the space and bulk might be saved.

In the third place, the type must be as condensed as possible, and absolutely clear to the eye. In the vocabulary, *lower-case* letters should be used, — full-faced, or “Gothic,” as in Andrews’s *Latin Lexicon*, — and the subdivisions of meaning should be made clear likewise, as in the work we lately noticed, prepared by Messrs. Crooks and Schem. We think, also, that a great many orthoepical signs could be omitted to advantage.

Some of these suggestions may be found in an admirable article in the “*Christian Review*” of July last. We earnestly hope that the enterprising publishers of this series will give heed to them; and that, in due time, we may have the complete manual lexicon of the English tongue for which we wait.

AFTER a silence of several years, the author of “*Lady Alice*” and “*Alban*” has ventured to amuse and amaze the novel-reading world with another of his extraordinary social sketches. The first impression of such a story as “*Rosemary*”* is of the utter incongruity of the work with the clerical profession of its author. How could a clergyman in any Church write these 522 pages, in which there is not a single motive or a single character above the level of selfish worldliness? The tone of the volume is throughout one of refined sensualism. The writer revels in pictures of physical beauty, of dress, and of carnal passions, but has evidently no faith in Christian ideas. He worships wealth, rank, show, cunning, and success. His villains are drawn with such accuracy and vigor, that it is easy for the reader to imagine that his real sympathies rather lie that way. To call such a novel as this *religious*, is a strange misuse of the language. It is no more religion than Voltaire’s *Candide* or than Gibbon’s *History*. There is rather a scoffing contempt of all morality, and what religion there is, is wholly of the ritual kind, — of Lent-keeping and the confessional. The Catholic talk is as separate from the plans and progress of the story, as the pins stuck into an embroidered cushion. It only mars the glitter and finish of the descriptions.

There is plenty of “muscular Christianity,” but there is unfortunately no other kind. There is no real rebuke to the vices of pride, avarice, revenge, and lust. Works of this kind, from the pen of a Catholic priest, give us a poor idea of the moral standard of that communion. They virtually teach that ritual may be the substitute for religion, and that kneeling, fasting, and unction may balance any amount of worldliness. As a description of aristocratic life in New York, the book is entertaining, though even here much exaggerated; but its general influence can only be pernicious.

* *Rosemary*, or *Life and Death*. By J. VINCENT HUNTINGTON, Author of “*Lady Alice*,” “*The Forest*,” &c. New York: D. & J. Sadlier. 1860. 12mo. pp. 522.

CONVENIENT as it is to have three volumes in one, it is provoking to have in that one volume so many typographical blunders. The books of Messrs. Rudd and Carleton are usually better printed; but in their American edition of "*Lavinia*"* they have been in too much of a hurry, and the result is a disgraceful number of letters omitted, letters misplaced, and words misspelled. The carelessness of the proof-reader has made strange work, not only of Ruffini's Latin and Italian and French and German, but even of his English. He is made to speak of the "*lingua Toscano*," to say "*dolendam est tibi*," to say "*gnadiges Fraulien*," and the like. It is too bad that such carelessness should mar the general beauty of such fair and ample pages, or spoil the grace of such a style as Ruffini's.

The novel itself is extremely interesting; perhaps with more of pedantry than is necessary, and with too much interlarding of foreign phrases and words to make it agreeable to readers who know no language but English. The narrative flows along easily, and is sufficiently broken by dialogue, diary, and epistle to secure variety, and prevent attention from flagging. The scene shifts frequently, and we are transferred from one place to another, and from one set of characters to another, without unpleasant violence. The author manages to get in all the principal European varieties of temperament, and shows a familiarity with English and French traits, and a justness of observation, quite rare in an Italian. Life in Rome, in London, and in Paris is described with equal accuracy and freshness. He has adopted the convenient expedient of bringing in his last position and his happy ending in the Crimea. Taking care, however, to change the situation from that of "*Lucile*" and "*Sword and Gown*." This time it is the "*Sister of Charity*" who is down with the cholera, and the wounded lover who restores her.

The plot of *Lavinia* is intricate, without being annoying; and though the general destiny of the hero and heroine, with the principal secondary characters, is fairly foreshadowed, yet the exact way in which justice is to be done, and the fates are to be compelled, is held in abeyance almost to the last. The characters are admirably sustained, — Paolo, the democratic Italian artist, Thornton, his friend and mentor, Du Genre, the French realist, Salvator Rosa and his betrothed, the Spanish Countess and her dogs, the Bishop Rodiparni, the brace of Roman swindlers, the English Mr. Jones and his wife, and, above all, the charming, mercurial, romantic, and worldly *Lavinia*. There is less of political disquisition and less of bitterness against the Italian aristocracy than we might expect. The unities of time, too, are usually well preserved; but how could Ruffini make Paolo talk in 1847 about the gold of California and Australia? This blunder about California is no less than three times repeated.

* *Lavinia*. A Novel. By G. RUFFINI, Author of "*Doctor Antonio*," "*Dear Experience*," "*Lorenzo Benoni*," &c. Three volumes in one. New York: Rudd and Carleton. 1861. 12mo. pp. 495.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

Codex Alexandrinus. 'Η Καινή Διαθήκη. Novum Testamentum Graece ex antiquissimo Codice Alexandrino a C. G. Woide olim descriptum: ad fidem ipsius Codicis denuo accuratius edidit B. H. Cowper. Londini: Venumdant Williams & Norgate et D. Nutt. 8vo. pp. 504.

Twelve Discourses. By Henry Martyn Dexter. Boston: Fair for the Pine Street Church.

Evenings with the Doctrines. By Nehemiah Adams, D. D. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 415.

Thoughts on Preaching; being Contributions to Homiletics. By James W. Alexander. New York: Charles Scribner. 12mo. pp. 514.

The Character of Jesus, forbidding his possible Classification with Men. By Horace Bushnell. New York: Charles Scribner. 12mo. pp. 173.

Notes on New Testament Literature and Ecclesiastical History. By Joseph Addison Alexander, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner. 12mo. pp. 319.

Human Destiny; a Critique on Universalism. By C. F. Hudson. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 147.

Lessons on the Liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 18mo. pp. 298.

The Gospel according to Matthew, explained by Joseph Addison Alexander. 12mo. pp. 456. — Christian Nurture. By Horace Bushnell. 12mo. pp. 407. — New York: Charles Scribner.

The Early Christian Anticipation of an Approaching End of the World, and its Bearing upon the Character of Christianity as a Divine Revelation. (5th Baillie Prize Essay.) By Sara S. Hennell. London: George Manwaring. 12mo. pp. 118.

A Text-Book of the History of Doctrines. By Dr. K. R. Hagenbach. The Edinburgh Translation revised, with Additions. By Henry B. Smith. New York: Sheldon & Co. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 478.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Trust; being a Narrative of the Lord's Dealings with George Müller, written by himself. Edited and condensed by Rev. H. Lincoln Wayland. With an Introduction by Francis Wayland. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 476. (Reviewed in July, 1859.)

Personal History of Lord Bacon. By William Hepworth Dixon. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 424. (See p. 314.)

The Life and Times of Philip Schuyler. By Benson J. Lossing. New York: Mason Brothers. 12mo. pp. 504.

Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk, containing Memorials of the Men and Events of his Time. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 471.

The History of England from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Abdication of James the Second, 1688. By David Hume, Esq. A New Edition, with the Author's last Corrections and Improvements; to which is prefixed a Short Account of his Life, written by himself. (12mo. 6 vols.). — The History of England from the Accession of James II. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. (12mo. 4 vols.). — The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon, Esq. With Notes by the Rev. H. H. Milman. A new Edition, to which is added a complete Index of the whole Work. (12mo. 6 vols.). — Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co.

History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort; with a full View of the English and Dutch Struggle against Spain, and of the Origin and Destruction of the Spanish Armada.

By John Lothrop Motley. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. Vols. I. and II. pp. 532, 563.

NOVELS AND TALES.

Marion Graham; or, Higher than Happiness. By Meta Lander. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 12mo. pp. 506.

One of Them. By Charles Lever. New York: Harper and Brothers. pp. 187. (Paper.)

Elsie Venner; a Romance of Destiny. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 2 vols.

ESSAYS, ETC.

The Works of Francis Bacon. Vol. XIV. Boston: Brown and Taggard. 12mo. pp. 492. (See p. 316.)

American Slavery distinguished from the Slavery of the English Theorists, and justified by the Law of Nature. By Rev. Lemuel Seabury, D. D. New York: Mason Brothers. 12mo. pp. 319.

JUVENILE.

The Children's Bible Picture-Book, with 80 Illustrations. — The Children's Picture Fable-Book, containing 160 Fables, with 60 Illustrations. pp. 280. — The Child's Picture-Book of Quadrupeds and other Mammalia. Illustrated with 61 Engravings. — The Children's Picture-Book of Birds. Illustrated with 61 Engravings on Wood. pp. 276. — Stories of Rainbow and Lucky. By Jacob Abbott. — New York: Harper and Brothers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Coins, Medals, and Seals, ancient and modern, illustrated and described; with a Sketch of the History of Coins and Coinage, Instructions for young Collectors, Tables of Comparative Rarity, Price-Lists of English and American Coins, Medals, and Tokens, &c., &c. Edited by W. C. Prime. New York: Harper and Brothers. Small 4to. pp. 292.

The Recreations of a Country Parson. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. pp. 442. (This delightful volume, noticed in our last number, has been in such demand that a second edition has been called for, and the publishers have wisely stereotyped it. So much for a genial and healthful book.)

Studies from Life. By the Author of John Halifax. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 290.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the Year 1861. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 12mo. pp. 419.

Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1861. Edited by David A. Wells. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 424.

PAMPHLETS.

Tracts for the Times. American Dangers and Duties. By Rev. A. D. Mayo. Albany: Weed, Parsons, & Co. pp. 19.

Tribute of William Ellery Channing to the American Abolitionists, for their Vindication of Freedom of Speech. New York. pp. 24.

Secession, Concession, or Self-Possession, — Which? Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. pp. 24.

Nineteenth Annual Report of the Ministry at Large in the City of Providence. By E. M. Stone. Providence: Knowles, Anthony, & Co. pp. 27.

Hear the South! The State of the Country: an Article republished from the Southern Presbyterian Review. By J. H. Thornwell, D. D., of Columbia Theological Seminary, S. C. New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 30.